

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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NEWS FROM A CLOUD

See
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Seven

HEROES OF A ROCKY ISLAND ADVENTURE OF A SHIP'S CREW

The Dauntless Spirit of a
Swedish Girl

FATHER AND SON

Stockholm sends us a tale of Swedish bravery which has sent a thrill through all Scandinavia.

A ship's fireman named Norberg is the hero and a girl steward called Elly Pihlowa is the heroine. We like the tale all the better because the heroine of Charles Kingsley's Water Babies had the same Christian name as the Swedish girl, though she spelled it Ellie.

The small steamer Nibs was wrecked off the east coast of Sweden, striking the rocks near the city of Vestervik in a violent snowstorm. Soon the heavy seas would pound the wreck to pieces, thought the sailors. There was a rocky island in the neighbourhood, but they had no means of reaching it.

Then two men named Norberg, father and son, volunteered to try to swim to the island with a lifeline. Each wished to risk his life in the icy waves, but finally it was the father who insisted on going, and he did so because he was the better swimmer.

The Father's Sacrifice

This gallant man in the autumn of his years jumped into the stormy seas and battled his way to the island, where he made the line fast. By that means the entire crew was brought ashore, but Norberg paid for their safety with his life. He died in his son's arms, a victim to the results of his swim in those bitter cold waters.

There would have been other deaths but for Elly. The shipwrecked crew were on a desert isle without food, fire, or shelter. A snowstorm was raging and a piercing wind blew. To lie down, as those weary seamen would fain have done, would have been to die. But Elly kept them marching and running round the island for 26 hours.

Spirits That Never Failed

They said afterwards that her spirits never failed, and she kept up a constant flow of jokes and chaff, so that they had to keep laughing instead of grumbling. It was no light task to keep six tired, hungry, and drenched men on the move and laughing for a day and a night.

The reward came at last. Someone on the mainland saw them, and pilots rescued them all. They found Elly's clothes frozen to ice, and they took her, still cheerful, to Vestervik hospital with the men she had saved by her unfailing wit and her dauntless courage.

Elly is a nice name, but when we think of her mothering and managing those shipwrecked sea-dogs we cannot help feeling that she ought to have been christened Wendy.

A Sunny Day in the Park



Whenever the Sun is shining a number of Londoners may be found passing an idle hour in Hyde Park by watching the riders in the Row. This magnificent horse attracted many admiring glances the other day.

THE KING AND A KINDER WORLD

All the world has been moved by the message sent by the King from his House of Recovery to the people of our own country and of all nations. We give it below.

Craigweil House,

April 22, 1929

In looking back on my long illness and recovery my heart is full of thankfulness of far deeper origin than any mere sense of relief.

I have been brought back from the danger and weariness of the past months by the wonderful skill and devotion of my Doctors, Surgeons, and Nurses. And help has come from another source of strength: as month after month went by I learned of the widespread and loving solicitude with which the Queen and I were surrounded. I was able to picture to myself the crowds of friends waiting and watching at my gates, and to think of the still greater number of those who, in every part of the Empire, were remembering me with prayers and good wishes. The realisation of this has been among the most vivid experiences of my life.

It was an encouragement beyond description to feel that my constant and earnest desire had been granted—

the desire to gain the confidence and affection of my People. My thoughts have carried me even farther than this. I cannot dwell upon the generous sympathy shown to me by unknown friends in many other countries without a new and moving hope. I long to believe it possible that experiences such as mine may soon appear no longer exceptional: when the national anxieties of all the peoples of the world shall be felt as a common source of human sympathy and a common claim on human friendship. I am not yet able to bear the strain of a public ceremony, but I look forward on some appointed day to joining with my People at home and overseas in thanking Almighty God not merely for my own recovery but for the new evidences of a growing kindness significant of the true nature of men and nations.

In the meantime I hope that this message may reach all those, even in the remotest corners of the world, from whom I have received words of sympathy and goodwill. GEORGE R.I.

THE BEGGAR OF NORTH CAROLINA CHARITY COMES BACK

How Freedom Came Knocking
at the Door of a Slave

GREAT COLLEGE FOR THE BLACK REPUBLIC

Seventy years ago a British sailor named Richard Robinson found himself penniless in the streets of Wilmington in North Carolina. He asked alms of a Negro, who gave him 50 cents.

A few months later the Negro, when paying for something in a shop, received instead of the few cents he expected a whole gold dollar. Looking up in surprise he found that the man behind the counter was Richard Robinson, the sailor he had helped.

A Surprise at Dawn

A few years later the father of the Negro died. He was a Scotsman who had loved a Negro woman, but under the law of the Southern States was unable legally to marry her, though he was a faithful husband to her. On his death his son was looked upon as a slave, and his creditors tried to sell the son to pay the father's debts.

The coloured man determined to resist this. He had a wife and a small family, and he declared he would sell his life dearly. Early on the morning when he expected to be seized a soft tapping came on his door. Arming himself with a gun, he crept down to see who was there. To his delight he saw it was his sailor friend, with a canvas bag in his hands.

"Take this," Robinson whispered. "I've been making inquiries and I find that your father's creditors will accept 1800 dollars for you. Here it is; go and buy your freedom."

A Tragedy Averted

This kindly act averted one more tragedy of the Southern States before the Civil War. No wonder that when a son was born shortly afterwards to the freed Negro and his wife they named him after their benefactor. Today that little boy is Dr. Richard Robinson Taylor, Vice-Principal of the great Negro college at Tuskegee. He is also one of the leading Negro architects in the United States.

Dr. Taylor and his wife have lately been spending a few days in London on their way out to Liberia, the Negro republic on the West Coast of Africa. He has been invited by the Liberian Government and the American Missions there to help in founding a Booker Washington Institute modelled on Tuskegee College, which Booker Washington founded. Dr. Taylor is not only being asked to help to choose the most suitable site for the new school, for which Miss Olivia Stokes, an American lady, left £15,000, but also to design the buildings.

THREE BRAVE MEN

A TALE FROM THE FAR NORTH

Science to the Rescue in Time of Trouble

FLYING TO THE DOCTOR

A tale of suffering and heroism comes to us out of the Far North, from Moose Factory on the shore of James Bay, Ontario, and shows how the aeroplane, wireless, telephone, and old-fashioned dog team combined in the relief of suffering and anxiety.

Mr. George Morrow, a missionary to the Indians at Rupert House, James Bay, broke his hip in a tobogganing accident when organising sports for the Indians, and he was being taken by dog team a four-days journey to the trading-post at Moose Factory when it was found that he was too exhausted to go any farther. A message was sent by an Indian with a dog team to Cochrane, 150 miles distant, where was the nearest doctor.

The Doctor III

The Ontario Government then took a hand, and as their northern fire patrol planes were all dismantled in winter quarters they had to send a plane from Toronto, 500 miles south of this point. Captain Roy Maxwell, who is director of the Provincial Air Service, volunteered to make the trip in a Gipsy Moth plane, picking up a doctor at Cochrane and taking him to Moose Factory to set the missionary's leg.

When he arrived at Cochrane he found that Dr. Paul was himself ill with pleurisy, but the good doctor insisted on going, and together they flew through the bitter cold to Moose Factory. There the doctor did what he could for the suffering clergyman, but said he must be taken to the hospital at Cochrane for further treatment. The long trip by dog-sleigh was out of the question, so, after Dr. Paul had been returned safely to Cochrane, Captain Maxwell undertook to go back and bring Mr. Morrow out in the Gipsy Moth.

Trying to Rise

Then the uncertain spring weather became mild, the snow-covered lakes used by the planes for landing fields were covered with slush on which the landing skis would not work. Days were lost in trying to rise; then the weather man relented and dropped the temperature until it became so cold that Captain Maxwell had his nose frozen on the trip to Moose Factory.

With some difficulty the injured man was accommodated in the plane, the large splints having to be removed from his hip, and the trip was made successfully to a landing field some miles from Cochrane. The rest of the distance was covered by sleigh and train and the patient was soon comfortable in the hospital. He had borne all the agony of the many moves without a murmur.

The Anxious Wife

Mrs. Morrow, a bride of a few months, who had nursed her husband through the five anxious weeks since his accident, could not be accommodated in the tiny plane, and we may imagine her feelings as she saw the Moth disappear in the sky with her injured husband. However, another modern invention here stepped into the breach. Captain Maxwell told Mrs. Morrow to tune in for the Toronto broadcasting stations, and on arriving at Cochrane hospital he sent the good news to Toronto and the message was sent through the air to the frozen northland where Mrs. Morrow was so anxiously waiting to receive it.

So that all was well.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|---------|--------------|
| Ibex | I-bex |
| Limpopo | Lim-po-po |
| Maté | Mah-tay |
| Nineveh | Nin-eh-veh |
| Sumatra | Soo-mah-trah |

A LITTLE TRAIN RUNS NO MORE

Sad Ride From Southwold

AN OLD PLATELAYER

Many people in Suffolk are mourning the passing away of a peaceful little train which for the last fifty years has been running about in the same shoes and hat, so to speak.

There was nothing in all the fifty years for it to get excited about. It went to and fro on a single line nine miles long between Southwold and Halesworth, where the grand trains of the L.N.E.R. main line stopped.

People had got as used to it as to the milkman. There was always plenty of time to watch it go by. It never made anyone feel half as agitated as the countryman was who first saw an express go roaring into a tunnel, gasped, and said, "Oh, goodness gracious, suppose it had missed the hole!"

For that matter, when the little line was laid down a law was made that the train must not go more than sixteen miles an hour. It had not always even done that, as it liked to be on the safe side. And it had not had a new engine or a new seat for fifty years, as it liked things not to change.

Rivals on the High Road

But while the little toy train has been running up and down on its queer, narrow gauge line changes have been coming on the high road. Rivals have appeared in the shape of motor-buses, and the toy train had lost a lot of friends. The Southwold Railway Company asked the L.N.E.R. if they could not help them, but the reply was to the effect that the toy train was not worth it.

The end has come, and the thirty men employed by the S.R.C. have learned that their work is ending. Among them is an old platelayer who has worked on the line since it was started. We are sorry for him.

There is a good deal of grumbling, of course, for the little train brought goods as well as a few people from the bigger town to Southwold. All goods now will have to come by motor-service.

The moral of the sad little tale seems to be that if in these days a railway company will run a train for fifty years without once renewing the rolling stock, or sharpening themselves up, they must expect to be superseded. We are sorry, all the same.

A FINE OLD DEVON MAN

Old John Amery

More famous men will be less missed than John Amery of Ashburton, who was a Devon man whom all good Devonians knew.

They knew and loved him because John Amery loved and knew his Devon so well, its history, its archaeology, its wild life, and its flowers.

Dartmoor, or Dartymoor, as they call it there, was as familiar to him as his own garden, and when he walked it one might have thought that old John Amery must always be young. When he was 75 he could outwalk most men who went with him on one of his expeditions, and he climbed up the granite cliff above the Dart to look at a raven's nest.

His wiry form, his kindly humorous face, will long be remembered by Dartmoor folks.

THE LONGEST RAILWAY PLATFORM

The Railway Queen, Miss Ena Best, opened the other day the longest railway platform in Europe, between the L.M.S. Victoria and Exchange Stations, Manchester. The platform is 2238 feet long and took three years to complete. Three trains can be accommodated on it. Hitherto the longest platform in the British Isles has been at York (1692 feet).

ADVENTURE ON THE DEAD SEA

Tourists Marooned

WATERS IN WHICH NO MAN CAN DROWN

To be told that a dozen people have been lost for two days and nights on a body of water which lies nearly a quarter of a mile below sea-level would suggest that the adventure had occurred in one of the great caves in which waters lie still and stagnant. But this adventure has occurred on an open sea of about 340 square miles.

The victims were a party of British people who went for a cruise in a motor-launch on the Dead Sea. They ran short of petrol, they drifted and damaged their vessel, were stranded on shore, and had to land and seek supplies in the desert. They were missed by their friends, and natives engaged in the age-long campaign against locusts were sent on foot in quest of them, while aeroplanes, like hawks in search of prey, surveyed the sea from the air.

A Spring of Fresh Water

The marooned tourists were found drifting at the end of the second day and were rescued. Food they had not found, but they had had the good luck to discover a spring of fresh water.

The story of the disappearance was known throughout the world while the search was in progress, and the dangers feared were hunger, thirst, and the possibility of attack by one of the savage wandering tribes on land. The one thing impossible was drowning. Nothing can drown in the Dead Sea, for no living creature can sink in its waters.

The home of the River Jordan, with no outlet, the Dead Sea is receiver-general of the mineral salts washed out of the stony hills and borne to it by the sacred river and many lesser streams and springs.

Ordinary sea water contains less than half-a-pound of mineral deposit to a gallon, but the Dead Sea is more than a third solid matter in solution—3½ pounds to every gallon, a gallon being ten pounds weight. The water cannot escape with its burden of fluid minerals except by way of the air. Evaporation is constantly taking place, carrying off the water as vapour and leaving the mineral matter behind.

Below Sea-Level

The Dead Sea has worn a bed for itself, during the course of ages, deep down in the huge cleft in the mountains in which it lies, so that today it is actually 1300 feet lower than normal sea-level.

There is a strange tradition that the Dead Sea was brought into being by the catastrophe which overwhelmed the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, when Lot and his family fled for safety from the community in which not ten just men could be found.

The story is entirely without truth, for the geologists can point to old terraces along the rocky shores indicating that the Dead Sea once had a level nearly 800 feet higher than now.

SOUTHEND SANDS RUNNING SHORT

Southend wants more sand. It is proposed by the Committee of Southend Pier to obtain it by laying a pipe to the nearest sandbank and drawing the precious stuff to the Southend shore.

The reason for these proceedings is that, as Southend has grown and its motor-road has linked it to London, the demand for sand is not equal to the supply of mud.

Southend Pier, stretches far out into the Thames Estuary, but it overlooks far more mud than sand at low tide. The beach on which children make sand castles would soon furnish no more mudpies unless 1000 tons a week were brought by barges to replenish it.

A COINCIDENCE

C.N. and P.O. Think Alike

BETTER TELEPHONE COMING

We are always delighted to find ourselves in good company. This time it is the good company of St. Martin's-le-Grand, in whose mind there has been running an idea which has long been lying on our desk and found its way into the C.N. a week or two ago.

This is a paragraph from the C.N. of March 23:

We wonder what the Post Office thinks of the new idea for presents, which is a screen to hide the telephone? An excellent little thing, but why make a telephone that must be hid?

And why is the telephone so heavy? Why cannot we have back that admirable telephone of other days with carpiece and monthpiece in one? The writer has one still, and would not part with it for five years' free calls, but it is the only one for miles around and he is sympathetic enough to be sorry for those who have to stand for a long time holding up the heavy monthpiece in one hand and the carpiece in the other.

And this is a paragraph from The Times of April 18:

A new kind of telephone which will be better for long-distance conversations is to be introduced by the General Post Office. It will resemble the old type of micro-telephone in which the transmitter and receiver are in one piece, but it will not supersede the present candlestick telephones except in cases where it is found more convenient.

The new instrument will be available to all subscribers who require it, but it is only an alternative form, and it is not the intention to dispose of the present candlestick instruments, which are highly efficient. Some subscribers may prefer the new form. The experiments will probably take some months to carry out.

We congratulate the Post Office on its revival of a most excellent instrument, which we are convinced will soon displace the heavy candlesticks.

THE SCARLET DISC IN THE TELEPHONE BOX

A scarlet disc is being placed in telephone boxes which can be used for emergency calls.

The disc operates a flashing signal in the exchange and immediate attention will be given to this. It is hoped, however, that the public will refrain from making improper use of the urgent call, which is meant for fires, police, and other emergency purposes.

THINGS SAID

Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero.

Mr. Selfridge

It used to take four sheep to cloth a woman. Now a silkworm can do it.

Mr. Philip Snowden

The cosmic matter in a volume as large as the Earth could be packed in a suitcase.

Professor Eddington

If the increase in the grey squirrels is not watched our hedgerows will be emptied of the birds we love.

Sir George Courthope, M.P.

I wonder if the Underground directors, when accepting the grotesque sculptured figures of the Winds on their new building, had in mind the postures to be adopted by the public when travelling in their overcrowded trains.

Mr. Francis Phillips

May 4, 1929

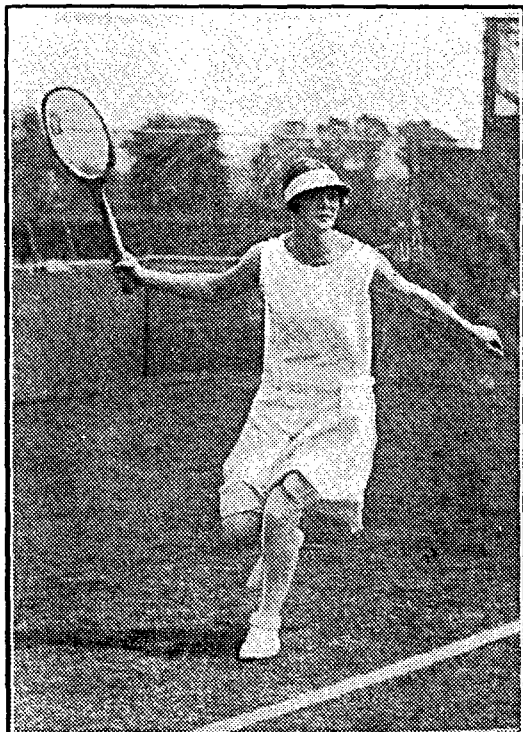
The Children's Newspaper

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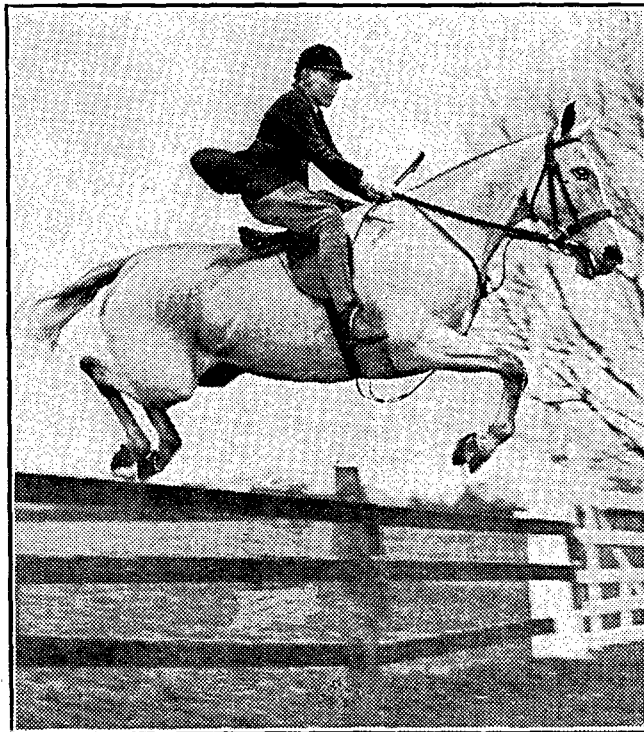
CRICKET AND TENNIS AGAIN · SHELLING PEAS · SEAPLANE IN LONDON



What Is It?—These puppies, usually so full of life, were so interested in their first sight of a camera that for once they remained quite still while their portraits were taken.



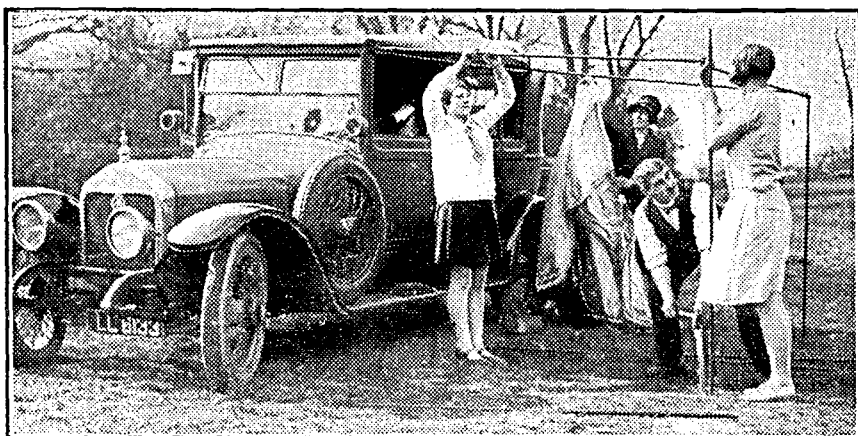
Tennis Begins—With the coming of May tennis is once again in full swing on grass courts. Here is a picture of Miss Eileen Bennett, one of our most stylish players.



Well Over—This splendid pony, seen enjoying a leap over a fence with its ten-year-old rider, was at one time used for drawing a fish cart. It now wins prizes and is known by the name of Mouse.



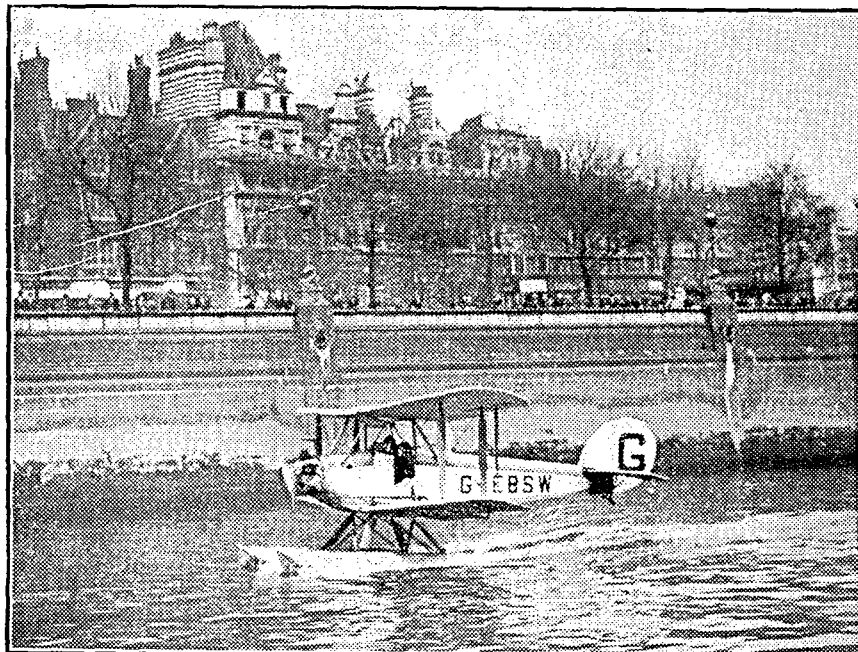
Cricket Begins—Most boys, and many girls too, are glad to welcome King Cricket again. Here we see Hammond, the wonderful batsman of the Test matches, in action.



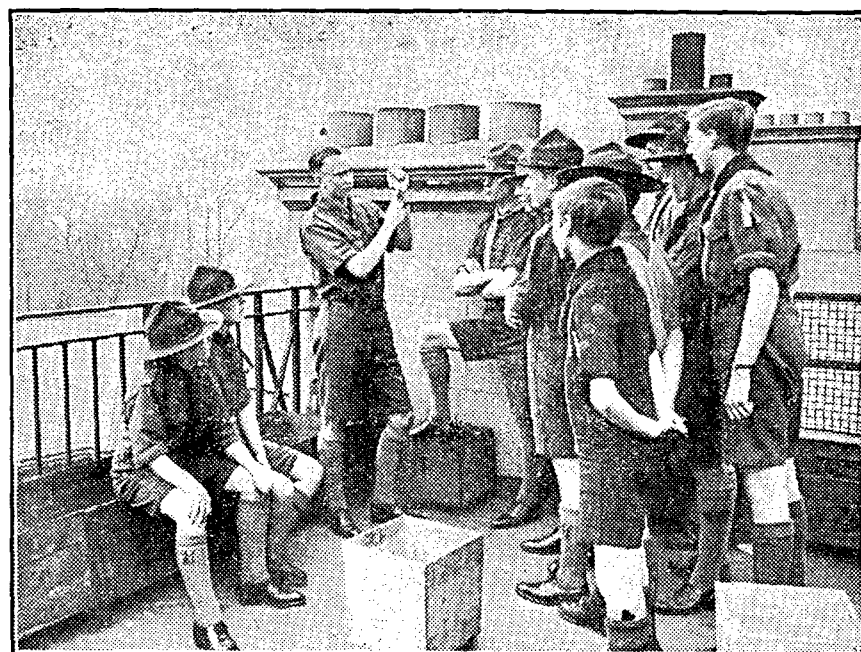
A Week-End With a Car—By means of a tent which can be fixed up by the side of their motor-car these happy week-ends are able to combine the joys of motoring and camping.



Shelling Peas—During the summer numbers of women may be seen shelling peas in Covent Garden, London. Here we see them at work on one of the early consignments.



Seaplane in London—In order to attend a luncheon the Master of Sempill, who is a well-known pilot, flew in a seaplane from Hendon and alighted on the Thames close to the C.N. office.



Scouts Learn a Sign Language—These Scouts of the Headquarters Staff are learning a sign language which is used by Red Indians of seventy-six different tongues. See page 10.

A WORD FOR A WORM

The Creeper Who Saves Life in the Clouds

CATERPILLAR AIRMEN

The worm for which the C.N. desires to say a word is the silkworm. Ladies who follow the fashions owe much to it. Strong men may owe their lives to it.

The silkworm spins the best of silk. It can spin silk without a crease. Raw silk of that kind and quality is the only silk which will do for the parachutes airmen take with them in their planes.

These parachutes lie folded in the plane beside the airman. When his plane falters and he must needs jump from it to save his life—when, counting one, two, three, he falls downward through the blue and pulls the cord releasing the parachute from the pack on his shoulders, what a blessed relief it must be to see the silken parachute spread its folds above his head, like the wings of a guardian angel!

If the Parachute Fails

Unless the silk sail is of the finest, unless the shroud lines are of the best and toughest silk, the parachute may fail. If it fails the airman dies. If it bears him to safety the silkworm has had a share in preserving his life, as the mouse saved the lion in the fable.

Since the American Air Service made the silk parachute for its airmen this life-saver has snatched 110 men from destruction. But a word should be said for the brave men who first took their lives in their hands to experiment with it. All who have tested it are called caterpillars, because they have crawled from the silken cocoon to life.

THE PRIDE OF THE MISSIONARY

And How it Went Agley

The story of the girl who counted the chickens before they were hatched is a very old one, but it turns up in quite another form in a new book on Haiti.

An old French missionary was telling the author how hard and disappointing his work was.

"For twenty years (he said) I have been trying to wean the people from their Voodoo ceremonies. I have loved them, nursed them, counselled them till they trusted me. I have shown them how unworthy it is to worship Loco the forest god, and Agoué the sea god, and all the other heathen deities. They have become baptised, and have sung Christian hymns with great devotion. But superstition dies hard!

"The other morning the bell was ringing for church. I stood on the shore, and I saw a big fishing-boat outside the coral reefs, crowded with Haitians coming to worship. My heart rejoiced. I felt proud of my people."

But the wind dropped suddenly, and they were becalmed outside the reefs. The missionary tells us that he was sorry, but in a few minutes he was sorrier still, for a frightful din came from the boats, conch shells were blown, drums were beaten, and there arose this chant to Agoué the sea god:

Father Agoué, please send us a wind so that we can go to church!

The old missionary could not help smiling at the idea of asking a heathen god's help to get to a Christian church. He accepted it as a punishment for his pride in his converts, and with half a sigh and half a smile he set to work anew.

THE C.N. FLAG PUZZLE

The many thousands of entries for the C.N. National Flag Puzzle have entailed an enormous amount of checking, but we hope it will be possible to publish the names and addresses of prizewinners in next week's issue.

LEGACY OF A WHALE

One of the Sea's Queer Treasures

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

In a cellar in Mincing Lane is a lump of ambergris which is worth more than its weight in gold. It weighs nearly two cwts. which, at about £5 an ounce, brings its price up to nearly £18,000.

Two brothers found it lying on a beach in New Zealand, and the sea never casts up on its shores more valuable treasure-trove. How it came there, how long it had been floating hither and thither on the tides and currents, none can tell. But where it came from is certain.

It came from a sperm whale. It is the result of the whale's over-feeding. The whale, with a very small gullet, usually swallows very small fry. But it has a greedy appetite for cuttle-fish, and the beaks of cuttle-fish are more than it can digest.

Nature's Chemistry

The result is that the undigested beaks form a mass in the whale which, by one of the curiosities of Nature's chemistry, has the most delightful smell. Chemists in their laboratories can make very pleasant perfumes. Bottles of them are in every chemist's shop. But they cannot make anything so good as ambergris.

Consequently ambergris is used in tiny quantities as the foundation of many of these perfumes, and that is the reason of its high price. In short ambergris is money found. The Romans used to say that money never smelt: pecunia non olet. Ambergris does.

The whale never recovers from this involuntary contribution to fashion's pleasures. It dies in forming the precious ambergris.

WAR RULED OUT

Reign of Law Draws Nearer

By Our League Correspondent

The wide waters of the Danube may flow as a peaceful highway for the traffic of all nations now that the navigation difficulties that had arisen between Rumania and other countries have been satisfactorily settled.

This is one more addition to the friendly agreements which the League of Nations is massing together for the building-up of a world at peace.

Negotiations have been carried on for a long time between the countries concerned (our own among them) as to river police regulations for the maritime Danube (a stretch of about a hundred miles inland from the sea), and for the setting-up of navigation tribunals. The agreement now accepted makes provision for all these, and it contains also a clause of great importance providing that all disputes of an international character must be submitted to conciliation by the League Transit Committee and, failing settlement there, to the judgment of the Court of International Justice.

War is here ruled out as a means of settling disputes over navigation on the Danube. Law is put in its place.

WANTED—THE C.N.

Two more requests for C.N.'s reach us from Missionary Societies. Mr. W. Watson, 24, Grey Street, Newcastle, is collecting back numbers for missionaries in Western Equatorial Africa, and Miss D. Boulbee, Mortons, Castlemorton, Malvern, will send the address of a missionary in Persia, China, Africa, or India to any reader who has some C.N.'s to spare.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MR SELFRIDGE

Every Young Man's Dream of Life

Mr. Selfridge, one of the best of all our business philosophers, has been giving good counsel to our young men.

He wishes for a return to the romantic spirit of adventure of the great Elizabethan days.

Among his own people, all people of these islands, the real feeling was that there was no fun like work.

The spirit of adventure helped to develop any originality or inclination toward leadership, which in his judgment meant so much more than sitting in the seat of authority. The real leader, who by natural gift or appointment undertook to lead his company, must prove himself capable of imagination, vision, energy, strength of purpose, constructive ability, and knowledge of men and of the world. He must be strong in judgment, in will, in execution, and capable of holding the loyalty and enthusiasm of others.

If they agreed that time was the most precious of all commodities, and if they raised their ideal of success higher and higher, they would live happy lives full of all the mental exhilaration that the world offered, which was, after all, life full and complete; and in doing so they would do much to develop again that splendid spirit of adventure and assist it to become part of every young man's dream of life.

ABOUT US

Our greetings to R. C. H., who writes this of us in the Newspaper World.

The Children's Newspaper was founded ten years ago last month.

The war was over: "the world was looking forward to its first happy summer for five years; it was a fine time to be born." But for the war it would certainly have been born earlier. As it was, its spirit was instinct in The Little Paper—a small newspaper issued during the later years of the war as a supplement to Mr. Mee's My Magazine, and also sold separately in quantities to schools.

To one young man the ten years seems a short time. It cannot, he thinks, be so long since he handled that thrilling first number. He remembers how it was read over and over again by all the members of the household till the outside leaves began to come apart from one another, and the whole paper was so crumpled that it was put through the mangle to flatten it.

Till recently The Children's Newspaper accepted no advertisements. It has now (in the words of a national advertiser) "fallen from grace." Contrary to my expectation, the result was an improvement in the appearance of the paper. It has been increased from twelve to sixteen pages—a net gain to the reader of a page of news.

THE DOG, THE MOUSE, AND THE FLAT IRON

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals receives queer cases now and then, so perhaps they were not surprised to see a small dog brought to them one day with a nine-pound flat iron round its neck.

The cause of this misfortune was a mouse! The dog had been chasing the mouse until it took refuge behind a flat iron; the little dog jumped to see such fun and put its head through the handle of the iron by mistake; the little mouse ran away unharmed, and the poor dog sat down wearing a collar much heavier than his own.

For five hours its mistress tried to remove the collar but, not being successful, she took it to the dispensary, where the attendant freed it in nine minutes. So Doggy is happy again.

AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

First Treaty Signed

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S HINTS

Those who like small signs of great things will have been glad to notice two points in connection with President Coolidge's farewell to office.

One of the last things he said was to suggest that George Washington would not necessarily have opposed America's joining the League of Nations.

One of the last things he did was to sign the first League treaty to which America has given its name.

It is the treaty for the total suppression of slavery and the slave trade, drawn up by the League of Nations in 1926, which has now been signed and ratified by the United States.

The news reached Geneva on the first day of spring, a bright omen for future good deeds and for the term of office of President Hoover which has just begun. The signature was, as already stated, one of the final acts of the outgoing President and one on which the world may congratulate him.

A Warm Welcome

Now, on a page of those immense volumes which rest in the safe keeping of the Secretariat, recording so many contracts between countries, the name of the United States appears as signatory for the first time to a treaty drawn up by the League. It is thus a historic entry, and one which has received a very warm welcome.

It is particularly fortunate that it should have come just now, the subject of forced labour being on the programme of the International Labour Conference which opens this month. In the Slavery Convention, though slavery and the slave trade are to be abolished, what is known as forced labour, which comes so very near to slavery in all but name, is permitted for public purposes.

The Government of the United States now declares that it is opposed altogether to forced labour except as punishment for crime, and accordingly, in its agreement to the Convention, it makes the reservation that it does not agree to the part of the Convention which permits forced labour.

This is good news, and should give strong support to all who are working to drive out this inhuman practice from the world. A vigorous opinion along these lines, expressed clearly and decidedly, could not fail to have its influence on the decisions of the coming Conference at Geneva.

THE UNKNOWN MAN

A Hero Drives Away

What was the name of the Liverpool man who was driving a motor-car past the canal at Aintree the other day? Many would like to know.

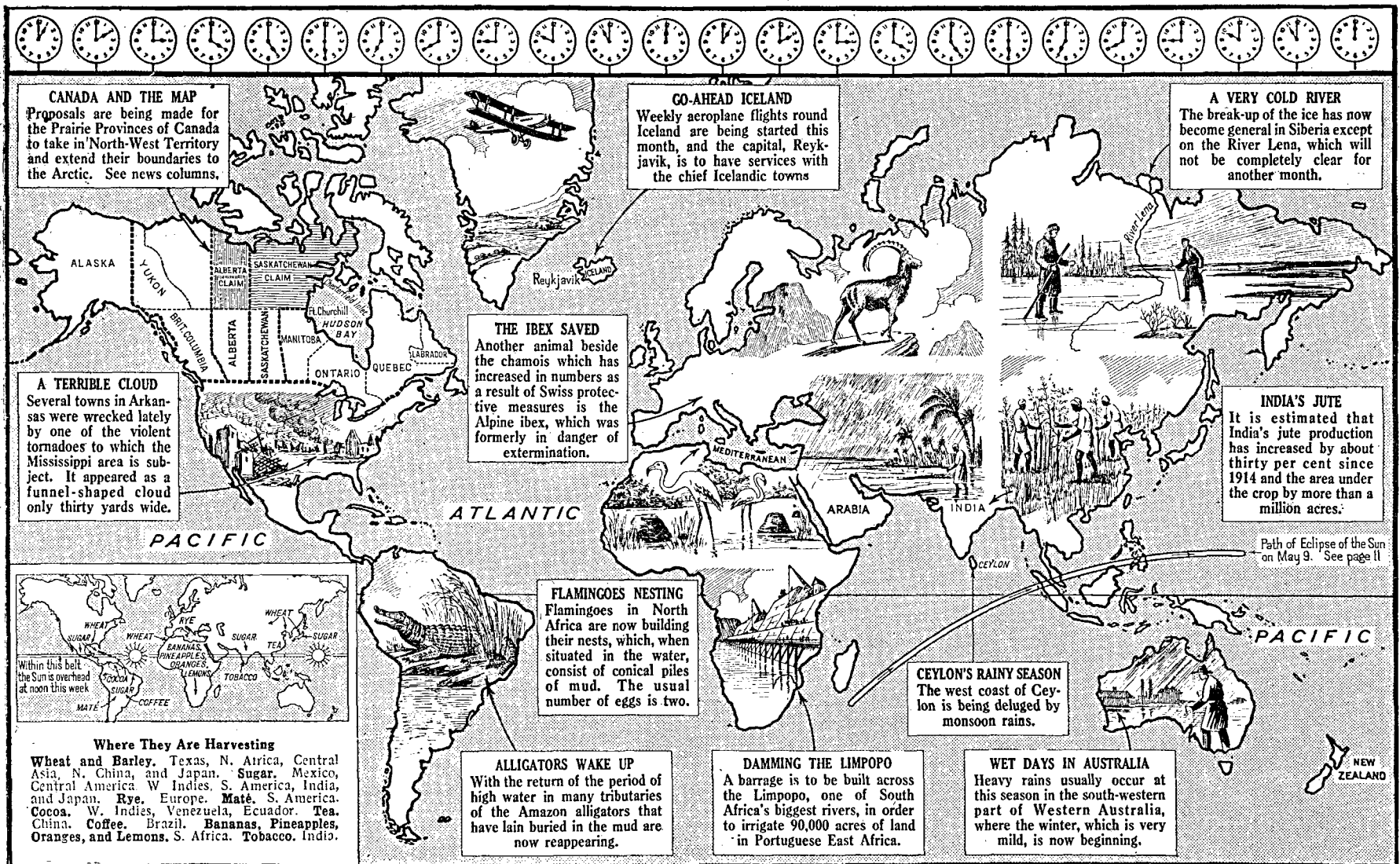
As his car passed an eight-year-old boy fell into the canal. The other children screamed. The motorist stopped his car.

Out of it he got, ran on to the bridge, dived from it with all his clothes on, and fished out the eight-year-old.

Then the man climbed back into his car without so much as wringing out his clothes and drove off before anyone could ask his name.

The motorist who does a pedestrian an injury and drives off without leaving his name is rightly reviled. All the more reason why we should praise this good man who did a good deed and did not wait to be thanked for it.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A FLOOR GOES TO U.S.A. TO BE SWEEPED Radium Lost and Found

We often hear of old staircases or panelled rooms going to America because a collector has bought them, but an English floor has been sent to the United States to be swept.

Sir William Milligan has been telling the annual meeting of the Radium Institute about it.

A retort exploded and some of the precious radium was lost in the room. So rare and costly is radium that the floor was taken up and sent to U.S.A., where clever men extracted £850 worth of radium. This has been returned to England, and will be used over and over again to cure the most deadly diseases.

We never think of radium cures without being glad that Professor Becquerel was a rash man. He carried a tube of radium in his waistcoat pocket, and in 14 days a burn appeared on his skin. This was in 1901, when the action of radium on human tissues was unknown. Now we know so much about radium that surgeons will send a floor to America lest one iota be wasted.

TWICE A HERO

Corporal Thomas McTeague has done it again. Bravery won him the D.C.M. and now bravery has won him the Medal of the Order of the British Empire.

On a December day, when a bitter wind was blowing and the sea was rough, Pilot-Officer H. A. Constantine crashed into the sea about 200 yards from shore.

Corporal McTeague and Flying-Officer Anderson swam to his aid. McTeague reached him first, and found him in a state of collapse. Although McTeague was exhausted he managed to hold Constantine up till Anderson arrived, and eventually they got him ashore.

Flying-Officer Anderson receives the same medal as the corporal.

THE LIGHT OF THE EYE What Thomas Young Found Out

Thomas Young was a doctor and a mathematician who is still young in the thoughts of science, though he died a hundred years ago on May 10, 1829.

People who have good sight, long sight, when they are young want spectacles to help them to read when they grow old. It is because their eyes will not focus themselves to the printed page. Thomas Young explained why that was. It is because the muscles of the eye grow too weak to make the lens of the eye accommodate itself to shorter distances.

But his fame rests on a greater thought than that. He declared that the passage and behaviour of the rays of light could only be explained by supposing that light arrived in waves.

Thomas Young therefore founded the wave theory of light, and, though it has often been attacked and substitutes found for it it still holds the field.

GIVING UP SINGING To Hear the Birds Sing

Here is a little consolation for our stay-at-homes!

Some people think it must be wonderfully exciting to be a famous singer or actress, but they must be wrong. Marion Talley, whose singing earned her £66,000 in two seasons alone, has retired at 23.

Never, surely, did anyone attain fame and riches more quickly than this young American soprano, who was 19 when she joined the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. But she does not care for fame or riches. She wants to own a farm in the Middle West, and to listen to the wild birds sing.

That, she says, has always been her real ambition, and at last she is free to realise it.

ROADS TO NOWHERE The Plight of Pakefield

Pakefield, the fishing village which is so near Lowestoft as almost to be a suburb, is slipping into the sea.

Roads which once ran up to the village green or to Pakefield's trim rows of cottages now end blindly on the cliff. The village green is buried beneath the sands of the shore.

The shore and the green, which are now one, are covered with bricks and old iron and fragments of the ninety houses which have disappeared even in the present century. Pakefield is going the way of that last town of Dunwich which battled in vain with the sea for a thousand years and sank beneath its waves at last.

Can nothing be done to save Pakefield? The need is urgent, not only for the sake of the village and its fishermen, but in order to protect the flank of Lowestoft. If the North Sea once eats its way in here toward Oulton Broad, Lowestoft, already forced to spend on embankments, will have to spend more.

AN IDEA TO DRIVE AUNT SALLY OUT

Mr. R. L. Gould of Birmingham has won the competition for a petrol sign which was inaugurated by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

An oak standard carries a sign like an inn sign, but it is of black enamel, and bears a golden arrow pointing to the petrol station. There is space for the words Fill Up Here and the brands of petrol available. The sign is fixed to the standard by perforated metal work, and above is a metal silhouette of Mercury. There is an arrangement for lighting-up the sign.

Such a thing would be far pleasanter to look at than Aunt Sallys, and every motorist who can read could understand it, which is more than we can say of the hawky-gawkys of Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt.

THE SEVENTH FORM'S GOOD DEED Genius Rescued From Museums

The Seventh Form of a Budapest High School has done a delightful thing.

George Bessenyei, who lived between 1747 and 1811, was a writer whose work led to the rebirth of Hungarian literature, yet some of his novels have never been published. They lie in museums instead of entering the lives of the people.

The Seventh Form decided to pay for the publication of at least one of these manuscripts by giving up the money allowed them for buying light luncheons in the morning. They have, moreover, copied out every line of the novel, which is not allowed to be moved from the Royal Hungarian Academy. They have given up their leisure as well as their lunch money.

The grown-ups of Hungary must be feeling a good deal ashamed to think that they have been outstripped by youngsters still at school. It is thanks to their self-denial that a copy of the book will be presented to every High School and library throughout Bessenyei's native land.

A LITTLE PIECE OF WOOD FROM JAPAN

A very human document has just been bestowed on the British Museum by the King.

It is a little wooden tablet inscribed with Buddhist texts recording the prayers and fastings undergone by people in Japan who hoped to move the divine powers to heal our King.

There could not be a pleasanter proof of the friendship and sympathy between two races living so far apart yet having so much in common. One of the chief things Japan shares with England is a passionate love of children; then comes our mutual love of flowers; and then our respect for an honourable and unselfish man whatever his rank.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 4

1929

The Thing That Holds Us Together

WE belong to a very great nation, in which there are all kinds of people holding all kinds of opinions.

We are of different religions, and when we are Christians we are of different Churches. Some of us are Conservatives, others Liberal, others Labour. We are even of different colours—black, brown, yellow, white. What is it that holds us together? This was the question asked and answered by a very popular statesman talking not long ago to journalists in Fleet Street. He gave the answer in two words. It is *Fair Play*.

Was he not right? He went on to say that none of us minds a hard fight; and we do not feel bitter when we are defeated if the fight has been waged fairly. But as soon as there is the fear abroad that some of our people are not getting justice then the thing which binds us together is withdrawn. Fair Play is the cement which holds the building up.

When old boys come back to their school they will joke with the master who, it may be, thrashed them in the days of their youth; they will not mind that. But if they remember that they were not given Fair Play by the master they will not joke about it. "A beast but a just beast" a master may be, and he will not lose the respect of his boys; but a beast who is unjust breaks up every society.

We do not mind being beaten in a game if the rules are kept and we have had a fair chance, but if a team plays a dirty game we do not arrange to play them again. The very existence of games depends on Fair Play. So does all trade between man and man, and between nation and nation.

The British Empire does not hold together because of its vast armies and navies, nor does it remain one because it is free from differences of opinion. It is a federation of nations which have very different interests. They are often fighting in a friendly fashion; some party is being defeated, some other is winning, every year; yet we hold together. Is it not at least partly because we believe in the old British quality of Fair Play?

We shall have to keep true to that love of justice in the days to come. There are peoples of many lands within our Commonwealth awakening to new life. We want them to remain as loyal fellow-members with us in one great society of nations. But we shall have to remember the condition. It is that we shall keep clean and unblemished our ancient inheritance of Fair Play.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Little Ugliness

WHY is it necessary to be ugly in saving a beautiful thing?

The L.C.C. is saving the most beautiful bridge across the Thames, and has set up some temporary steps to the bridge, reached from the Embankment. Down the whole length of the side of the steps, so that nobody can miss it who walks this way by the river, is a cheap advertisement of the trams, one big white letter for each step, in the cheap-jack style so often seen.

Can we wonder that it is hard to get rid of ugliness in advertising when the L.C.C., the guardian of beautiful London, allows such things in its name?

A Contemptible Thing

THERE are few things more contemptible than the citizen who, while refusing to shoulder his responsibilities, makes no scruple about taking to himself all the comforts and safeguards and personal profit which the stable and efficient organisation of society places at his disposal.

Professor Graham Kerr

The End of a Perfect Joke

WE all enjoy the rich jokes about Aberdeen.

Everybody knows them—jokes such as that the Aberdeen people were dismayed when their tram fares were reduced, because where they used to save a penny by walking they now save only a halfpenny.

All these jokes must now die a natural death, for the Lord Provost of Aberdeen has been raising money for a new hospital entirely from Aberdonians and people round about, and he has raised *four hundred thousand pounds in two years*.

We ourselves had a little experience of Aberdeen the other day. We were wanting some pictures for a book, and a fee was charged by every gallery except one. *Aberdeen was delighted to let us have the picture free.*

Boys in the Great War

A STORY told in the House of Commons the other day in a debate on the death penalty in the Army should be very widely known.

Mr. J. H. Thomas was speaking of a young officer, "a decent, clean-minded, brave young fellow about twenty," who was faced with a situation affecting a lot of young men 18 and 19 years old, practically boys, who were seized with fright at the first bombardment. It was their first touch of war, and they lost their nerve.

A number of these boys had to be shot in order to stop a stampede.

That is war, in preparing for which we are spending £200 a minute, compared with less than threepence a minute on the League to prevent it.

Resemble Not the Little Snails

WE forget if we have quoted this before, but in any case it is worth while.

Resemble not the little snails
Who with their slime record their trails.
Let it be said where you have been
You leave the face of Nature clean.

It will be better for us to resemble Scouts rather than snails. A much pleasanter place England will be in half another generation, when the Scouts and Guides are ruling the world, and the Litter Louts are all in limbo.

Tip-Cat

WE English are strongly reserved. We believe there is a good deal in reserve for us.

To make money a man must have a special bent. Otherwise he cannot stoop to it.

MANY present-day frocks make women look taller. And they like to be thus in the height of fashion.

A WRITER on games thinks we do not see much of draughts nowadays. But we often feel them.

Too many men have to strap-hang on their way to town. A stand-

ing grievance you can't expect them to take sitting down.

How shall we police the air? Why, with rising young constables.

PEDESTRIANS are guilty

of dangerous walking on the highway, says a Chief Constable. Have they been treading on baby cars?

IT is not the business of novelists, declares one of them, to preach. It is their pleasure.

WRITING is merely a trade, writes a well-known author, like selling eggs. But only the poet is good at a lay.

Fair Exchange

Sir James Barrie has presented all his rights in *Peter Pan* to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London.

In justice Barrie formed the plan To give sick children *Peter Pan*,
For children sick or sound of limb
Gave long ago their hearts to him.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWO thousand acres of Saskatchewan are now a bird sanctuary.

THE Carnegie Trust is spending £5000 on giving music and recreation to distressed miners.

A RAG merchant has left thousands of pounds to the Poor Boxes of London police-courts.

THE Litter Baskets in the London parks are working very well.

The Dream of Cecil Rhodes

WHEN the Rhodes Trustees sought powers to alter the will of Cecil Rhodes so as to spread the scholarships allotted to Jamaica and Bermuda over other British Possessions they were stoutly opposed. Jamaica and Bermuda proved their right to have the scholarships that Cecil Rhodes left to them.

The C.N. agrees with all its heart. But it would go a step further. "Tread lightly, lest you step upon my dreams," wrote an Irish poet of our day. We should be careful not to dwarf the great dream that Cecil Rhodes dreamed when he made his bequest to Rhodes Scholars.

His dream was to draw the splendid youth of the Anglo-Saxon race from all over the world into close communion and companionship at the most ancient English University. To Greater Britain he added America, and to make the chain complete he added to both Germany, the cradle of our common race.

The war severed the link of Germany. While the men were fighting in France to end war we at home did a mean thing by sowing the seed of hate and fixing it by Act of Parliament. We altered the will of Cecil Rhodes by taking the Germans out of it.

It is time to put them back again. The dream of Cecil Rhodes looked to far horizons. It stretched past even a world war to seek for a world peace.

Let us put the German Rhodes Scholars back again.

The Call Boy

By Our Country Girl

WHEN is Spring? O, when for certain
Does Dame Nature raise the curtain

And the lovely pageant start?
On the bills no time is stated,
Spring is never fixed and dated,
Spring is like the human heart.

WHEN is Spring? The thrush and linnet

Vainly cry "This very minute!"
Still north-easters shake the bough.

Primroses and palms deceive us,
In a sudden frost they leave us,
Can we trust the daffies now?

WHEN is Spring? Beyond all dating!

In the wings the chorus waiting,
Know their cue is very near.
There's the call boy! Did you catch it?

Where's the music that can match it!

Cuckoo calls—and Spring is here!

The Prayer of Hugh Grotius

May God give to those who have the affairs of Christendom in their hands a mind fitted to understand and respect rights, human and divine, and lead them to recollect always that the ministration committed to them is no less than this, that they are the Governors of Man, a creature most dear to God. From the Sixteenth Century

May 4, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

7

NEWS FROM A CLOUD

THE BALL OF SPACE WE LIVE IN

Journey of a Ray of Light Through a Globe of Matter

WHERE IS NOWHERE?

There is news of much interest from the great cloud in which we live and move and have our being.

Space is not emptiness, it seems. Between the stars is no awful void blacker and colder than the Arctic night, but a hot cloud through which these blazing globes move eternally. That is the Twentieth Century vision of the Universe which its mathematicians interpret for us.

The Stars in Space

Space itself is a cloud. Professor Eddington has been describing it over the wireless in one of the National Lectures organised by the B.B.C. The stars moving through it at speeds from 12 to 40 miles a second are like dew-drops that have condensed out of the cloud. They have absorbed about two-thirds of the matter of this cloudy space; one-third is still left. The stars as they fly through it, shooting out their particles as they shine, leave their haloes of light behind them.

The temperature of the cloud no mathematician yet has told us, but Professor Eddington has given us an idea of its thinness. No mist or fog the eye ever beheld is so thin. No vacuum the finest air-pump ever produced can compare with it. A single puff from a smoker's pipe would fill ten cubic miles of it.

A Puff of Smoke

And what would ten cubic miles accommodate of the ordinary matter by which we are surrounded? Into one cubic mile could be packed all the buildings of London, and then the buildings of Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham could be thrown in on top. A tube of ten cubic miles would hold every building and every man, woman, and child in Great Britain and would not be packed tight. Yet a puff of tobacco smoke fills it as space is filled by the dashing particles which the stars eject and of which the stars are made.

Through this unbelievably thin cloud the stars travel without friction, or with only such friction that their movements are not impeded and their speed is not lessened. They go on their way as if the cloud did not exist. Science could not guess from their unchanging motion that there was any cloud there; it is the light of the stars which tells the tale.

What Happens to Light

The light speeds from star to star. To this satellite of the star that we call our Sun, the light from the stars takes years, generations, centuries, even millions of years to come on its journey. Though a star may not be impeded by the particles of the cloud, a ray of light dashing against them on its million years' journey may be diverted from its path. Perhaps it may be slowed. It would almost certainly be altered, even in a journey of only 2000 years; and it might reveal traces of its journey—let us say, the dust of travel.

When the astronomer and the mathematician turn their spectroscopes on to the light from the stars they discern that the light has had something knocked off it by banging up against particles of calcium and sodium. The evidences of the journey are like the bruises on a portmanteau produced by its journey on Continental trains and through the Customs.

The comparison is not quite complete, for our portmanteau might show that it had passed through the Customs because of the Customs House official's chalk mark on it; but it has encountered other obstacles as well. So with the ray

WROTHAM'S LITTLE JUG

WROTHAM should be feeling pleased. Who could help being pleased at the discovery of a famous ancestor?

Wrotham could almost use that term to describe a new exhibit presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the British Antique Dealers Association through the National Art Collections Fund.

It is just a jug of plain brown glazed earthenware mounted with a silver-gilt cover finely chased and embossed and

bearing the London hallmark for 1547. That is what makes the students of English pottery so excited. There seems no doubt that it is Wrotham ware, and hitherto people believed that the Wrotham potteries were not established till some 65 years later. The little brown jug is therefore an important document in the history of English pottery.

Because our pewter was so good our native pottery was somewhat late in developing, and everything to do with its early days is interesting.

AN ANCIENT CRAFT OF THE MAORIS



An old Maori woman weaving a dress



The clever Maoris frequently wear these lovely mats made by themselves, decorated with kiwi feathers. These pictures are from the film *Under the Southern Cross* at the Polytechnic Theatre, London.

Continued from the previous column

of light. It shows that on its journey through the cloud it has been impeded by particles of calcium or sodium. Are there no other particles out in the fog? There are. The stars are shooting out particles of many more elements, and the ray encounters these. But the scientific man's instruments cannot yet detect them; they are marked by part of the envelope of the Earth's atmosphere. Calcium and sodium can be detected because their particles are commoner than any other.

One word more about this cloud which is space. What lies beyond the cloud? Does it float in space? What is the space beyond it like? To that the scientists of the Twentieth Century return us an answer that leaves us rather sadly wondering. They say that there is no space beyond! Just as a traveller about the globe will come back to the

place from which he came so the traveller through space would find that cloud a globe also, and would, if he went on in what he thought was a straight line for a million million years, return to the same spot.

In a word, space is not infinite, but has an end. Professor Eddington tells us that if we cannot understand it is because our minds are not yet made that way. To which we can only humbly say that our minds are as God made them, and in them the idea of space without end is rooted as firmly as the belief in Time and Eternity. We do not believe that there is an end to space, that space ends at this or that point and that then comes—Nothing. What is Nothing? Where is Nowhere? We prefer to believe that the knowledge of our wisest men is still far from complete, and that in God's good time we shall know what is to be known.

A LOVELY DREAM COMING TRUE CHILDREN BACK IN THE FOUNDLING

The Playground in the Heart of the Crowded City

LORD ROTHERMERE'S FINE EXAMPLE

And He set a child in the midst of them.

Lord Rothermere has lighted a fire in London which we hope will never be put out. He has set ablaze the hope that the Foundling Hospital, where hundreds and thousands of children had lived since before George the Third's day, will be the playground of millions more.

The Foundling Hospital and its playground were sold, and Central London lost one more of its places where children could be seen at play. When such places vanish the children, like those of Hamelin, seem never to return.

Lord Rothermere is a Pied Piper who calls them back. But, unlike the councillors of Hamelin, he pays the piper. He has bought the site for half a million pounds, and by paying a hundred thousand pounds he secures it, whatever happens, for two years to come from building operations.

A Camp for Scouts

The blocks of flats, the hotels, the office buildings which might have sprung up there have vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. Instead of these we have the pleasant vision of children playing in a park of their own among the tall houses set apart from the rattling streets.

One of the clauses of Lord Rothermere's benefaction is that for a month every year the Boy-Scouts shall hold a camp in the Foundling Park. What a good idea! Could there be anything better than that the Scouts of Britain should come to London to hold their camp and see what the great city is like? And what a pleasant sight for Londoners to see!

It must go on. The saving of the Foundling Hospital is like the second chance which a city, or an individual, is given of doing the right thing after doing the wrong one. The open space of the Foundling ought never to have been sacrificed. Now that Lord Rothermere has saved it, we hope it will go on being the children's heritage, and that, like Peter Pan, it will refuse to grow into anything different.

More Kindliness

In the middle of grandfather's century Mrs. Browning stirred the nation to its depths by the poem in which she denounced the iniquities of child labour and the grasping callousness of millionaires who made money out of the children's sufferings.

*Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.*

It is a mark of the advance England has made in kindness and humanity that a millionaire of the Twentieth Century should give his money to set the sound of children's laughter free.

THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND 50 Years of Good Work

There has been general regret throughout the country at the death of Mr. Havelock Wilson, who gave 50 years of his life to improving the lot of the seamen of the world.

He founded the Seamen's Union. He was a great friend of progress and humanity. He stood against the tide of Bolshevism, and commanded the sympathy of all loyal citizens by proving that a man may be a good Trades Unionist and a good patriot too.

FIVE CENTURIES OF THE FAME OF JOAN OF ARC

All France has been moved in the last few weeks by the celebrations of the fame of Joan of Arc, the young peasant girl of Domremy who raised the siege of Orleans against the English five hundred years ago this month. We take this story of the Stainless Maid, the most impressive girl-figure in the annals of France or of any land, from Arthur Mee's Hero Book.

God sent Joan into the world five hundred years ago, in the village of Domremy, on the banks of the Meuse. He took her back to Him in nineteen years. She came into our human history through a heavenly vision. She burst upon France like a miracle. She lives in its memory at this very hour like an inspiration and a dream.



A new French stamp in honour of Joan

She came into a France that was torn to pieces from within. France lay stricken at the feet of her English kings. Her people were split into groups which hated each other more than they hated the foe, so that Paris hailed the English king and half of France allied itself with the invader. The king's son, heir to the throne, lived like a poltroon in a Court which would have seen France bleed to death and care nothing so long as it could eat and drink.

On the high-road to Germany lay the village of Domremy, and as Joan sat in her father's fields with his flocks and herds, or sat sewing with her mother by the window, making embroideries for the church, she would hear the tales of war. She would be eight when France was delivered to the English king; she was ten when Henry died and left an English child as supreme lord of France.

The Call That Came to Joan

She loved France—France with her little churches and her great cathedrals, France with her heroes and saints; she loved the church bells and the oak wood near Domremy, and the magic well, and the great tree, and all the legends that seemed to be so true; and especially she loved the light that shone through the old church windows, with St. Michael in his shining armour and St. Margaret holding up her cross.

These things were real to Joan. She saw the vision and heard the voices as from heaven. She saw the white and shining saints and believed that they were calling, and one day in her garden these voices startled her. She was to save poor France; she was to go to the Dauphin, the king's son, and save him from his evil Court and crown him king at Rheims. "Daughter of God, go on; I will be with you," the voices said; and Joan listened with trembling and wonder. She believed that God was speaking to her through His saints, and she did a rare thing in this world: believing in God, she lived every hour as if she believed in Him.

Joan's Only Weapon

No facts can explain Joan; she turns all history upside down. We have simply to believe what happened. This girl of sixteen set out to save France, to set a tottering king firm on the throne, to drive the English from their strongholds, and to give France a vision that should lift her high among the nations. She set out on this great adventure with no other weapon than her faith in God, and she did what she set out to do.

To the end of Time it will remain a mystery why a pitiful creature like Charles the Seventh should have been saved by Joan of Arc. To most of us it seems an appalling thing that the inspiration of this heavenly maid should have gathered round a man so base as Charles. Yet it was this jest of France, looking like a box of paints in all his colours and nursing a pet dog, who stood for the great idea of monarchy that held nations together in the days of superstition.

We must remember that all through the story of Joan. It was not for

Charles she did these things; it was for the King of France. The king was the centre and very heart of France, and Joan could see no hope for France until its heart was right.

The day came when they led her in to the king, and in the end, after much ridicule, it was announced that the king, "bearing in mind the great goodness that was in the Maid," would make use of her.

The English were besieging Orleans, and their great fortified towers around the town blocked the king's road to Rheims. To drive them from these towers and raise the siege was the first thing commanded of Joan. They gave her a standard of white and gold, and on it was embroidered the portrait of Christ. All through her triumphs, to the end of her days, she bore with her own hands this standard of the Light of the World. It is said that through all her battles she never struck a blow.

A Dazzling Figure in White

She was put at the head of all the king's armies, and having reached Orleans she sent a letter to the English, asking for the keys of all the good towns they had taken by violence in God's France, and begging them to leave the kingdom.

The English sent their fierce defiance to the dairymaid, and bade her go back to her cows. But words were almost the only weapons the English fought Joan with in the siege of Orleans. They trembled before this dazzling figure in white armour, and in the end they fled, their forces broken.

The siege of seven months was raised in eight days. Joan of Domremy was Maid of Orleans. It was just 500 years ago.

The news flew from end to end of France. The priests could hardly believe. The generals were struck dumb. Joan urged the king on to Rheims, but they were all afraid. There was plenty of time, said the Dauphin, and then Joan said one of the saddest things she ever said: "I shall only last a year; use me as long as you can."

The Hour of Her Triumph

It was true: she lasted only a year. They reached Troyes, where the king was afraid to attack the English garrisons. "Noble Dauphin," cried Joan, "order your people to assault the city. Hold no more councils, for, by my God, in three days I will introduce you into the town." And on the morrow, at the sight of the Maid, the English left the town. After Troyes fell Chalons, where the gates were opened to them. The campaign had lasted six weeks. There had been a victory almost every day, and Joan had never been defeated.

They reached Rheims, and the king and his Court rode into the wondering town. Two bewildered rustics were watching from the windows of the inn. One was that father who had said he would rather see her drown than see her riding among troops. It must have seemed like another world to him to see Joan standing by the king in Rheims Cathedral, to see her kneeling before him, crying amid her tears: "Now is the pleasure of God fulfilled."

The Vision Come True

The king was crowned. Her vision had come true. She had done the work God had sent her to do, and she wanted to go home. France had a king again, and Joan was satisfied. To go from Rheims to Domremy was all she wanted now.

But she had made herself useful to the king and his fops, and perhaps even Charles was not altogether ungrateful. He offered her anything she asked for after he was crowned. She might have had horses and chariots, a palace full of servants, and raiment of fine gold. She asked that Domremy might be free from taxes. It was all she asked, and they

gave it freely. For 360 years you will find in the books of taxes, where the payments of all the towns and villages are set down, that opposite Domremy is no record of taxes paid, but simply the words "Nothing, for the sake of the Maid."

But, though they gave her what she asked, they broke her heart. Charles, with his fops and his fops, was satisfied, and would do no more. He was satisfied with the name of king; to be every inch a king was not for a man who was every inch a clown. Charles abandoned Joan. This creature on the throne of France was base enough for that.

Saddest Day Since Calvary

Joan found herself alone. The generals obeyed the king and left her. Never till that hour had Joan been beaten; it was the desertion of the king that changed her fortune. The loyalty about her was breaking down; authority was overcoming her. She went to the cathedral of St. Denys and laid her armour on the altar there. Her work was done.

And now we come to the saddest day since Calvary. There was not a hand in the world that was lifted for Joan. There was not a kind word that was said for her by anybody who had power. There was not a general among all those whom she had led to victory who sharpened his sword to help her.

They sold her to the English, they put her in an iron cage at Rouen, they bound her to a pillar by her hands and feet and throat, and they set coarse soldiers to peep at her and mock her.

In a Cage

They kept her in her cage six weeks, watched night and day by common men, so that she was never for a moment alone. They made openings in the walls, through which she was spied on; they listened through crevices and keyholes for some word which might convict her; and then they dragged her to the chapel of the castle, where sixty of the cleverest men in France confronted her.

She faced them with the calm of Socrates. She was pressed and trapped and reminded of the torture-chamber, but whenever she was asked to submit she would say: "I can say no other thing to you," or "I refer to the answer I made, and to our Lord." "Do you hope to catch me in this way?" she would cry in the great hall to her judges, and when at last they brought her to the torture-chamber the only thing she answered was: "Truly, if you tear the limbs from my body I can say no other."

One Just Man

She said to them that if she were in judgment and saw the fire lighted, and the faggots burning, and the executioner ready to rake the fire, and she herself within the fire, she could say no more.

We do not know what the men said to themselves, but one man among them had a touch of chivalry left. He was Gilbert Manchon, the clerk who took down the whole record of the trial of Joan. Many times he was lifted up with admiration at the courage of this brave prisoner. Once he wrote that the words put into the mouth of Joan were the opposite of what she had said.

And now Gilbert Manchon forgot once more that he was but a clerk and remembered only that he was a man, and he wrote down in the margin against Joan's final answer: "Responsio superba"—the response superb, the proud answer of Joan.

Joan's year was ending; it was her last week on this Earth. She waited for the voices, but they did not come, and her heart began to fail.

She must have thought of her home at Domremy and the great days at Orleans and Rheims. She must have thought of those great ladies of the

Court who would sometimes stoop to kiss her cheek in their excitement. She must have thought of the generals who seemed so loyal to her in her triumphs. She must have thought, with tears, of the common people who wept with joy to welcome her, and the mothers who held their children forward to touch her white armour.

They pressed her to submit. Did she not love her life? Did she not love sweet liberty? Would she not trust the Church? "Joan, why will you die?" the voices came from the crowd. "Joan, will you not save yourself?" Her heart began to break. "All that I did was for good, and it was well to do it," she cried back; and at last, while still there was time, she cried: "I refer everything to God and to the Pope." They gave her papers and pressed her to sign, and in that last moment Joan signed her name. But even then they tricked her, putting in things she did not say. Joan found them out, and all her courage came anew. She scorned them all.

The Englishman's Cross

It was what they wanted; they led her out again. Eight hundred English soldiers followed the car as it rumbled to the old market-place of Rouen, and it seemed impossible to Joan that the powers of the universe would not intervene. "Rouen! Rouen!" she cried. Am I to die here? They reached the platform, with the chairs for the bishops who were to watch her burn.

She stepped on the platform and asked for a cross. It is good to think that an English soldier standing by took a stick, broke it in two, and quickly made a cross; it is good to think that it was an Englishman who gave Joan, in that dread hour, the emblem of the only hope she had. She believed to the last that help would come. We are almost sure that her thoughts went back to the little church at Domremy where she first saw St. Michael on the windows, for she cried out "St. Michael! St. Michael! Help!" It was enough to break her heart.

Joan's Last Words

The fire was lit. Joan looked out through her tears for the last time on a world she had filled for ever with glory and pride, and the heart that had failed at the thought of all this was lifted up again by powers beyond this world. She heard the voices in the fire. "My voices were of God," she cried; "they have not deceived me." It was the last thing she said before the Bishop of Winchester threw her ashes in the Seine.

The executioner sought out a confessor and prayed to be forgiven. An Englishman who had sworn to add a faggot to the flames ran back with fear as he approached. A priest before the fire cried out: "Would that my soul were where the soul of that woman is!" One of the secretaries of the King of England left the scene in great agitation, exclaiming: "We are all lost for we have burned a saint!"

After Twenty Years

As for Charles, who amused himself while Joan was burning, he did nothing; but twenty years after, when they taunted him with receiving his throne from a witch, he had Joan tried again, and found her innocent, and declared her great—to save his dignity, the dignity of such a thing as he.

But as for Gilbert Manchon, he never wept so much for anything that happened to himself, and for a whole month could not recover his calm, and then, with the money he had for making the record, he bought a book of prayers that he might pray for her.

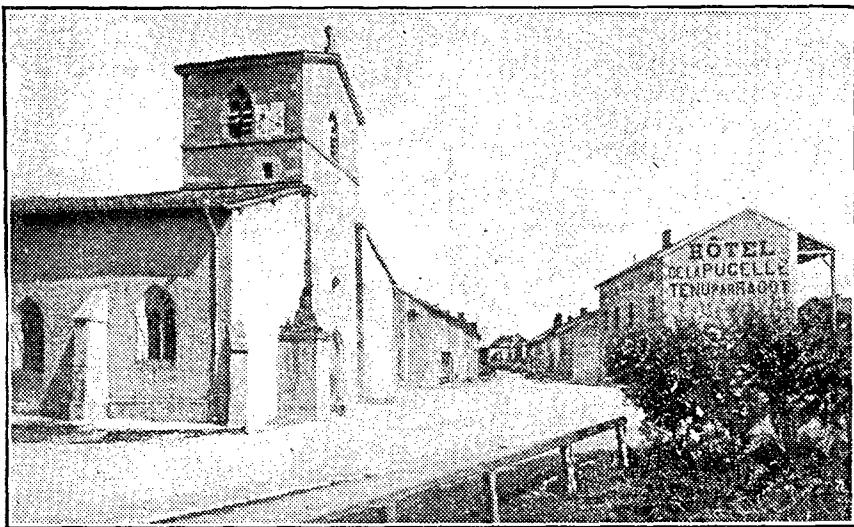
That is the story of Joan of Domremy, and it was all happening in the world five hundred years ago.

May 4, 1929

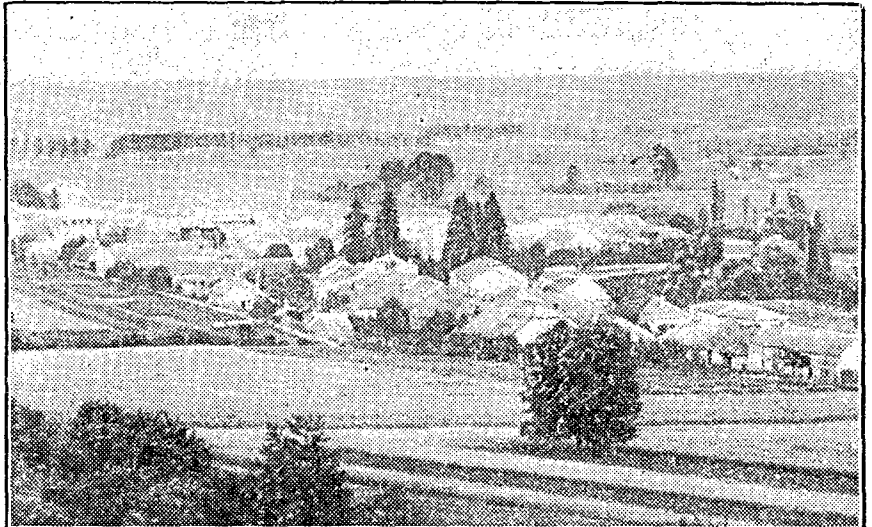
The Children's Newspaper

9

THE VILLAGE HOME OF THE STAINLESS MAID OF FRANCE



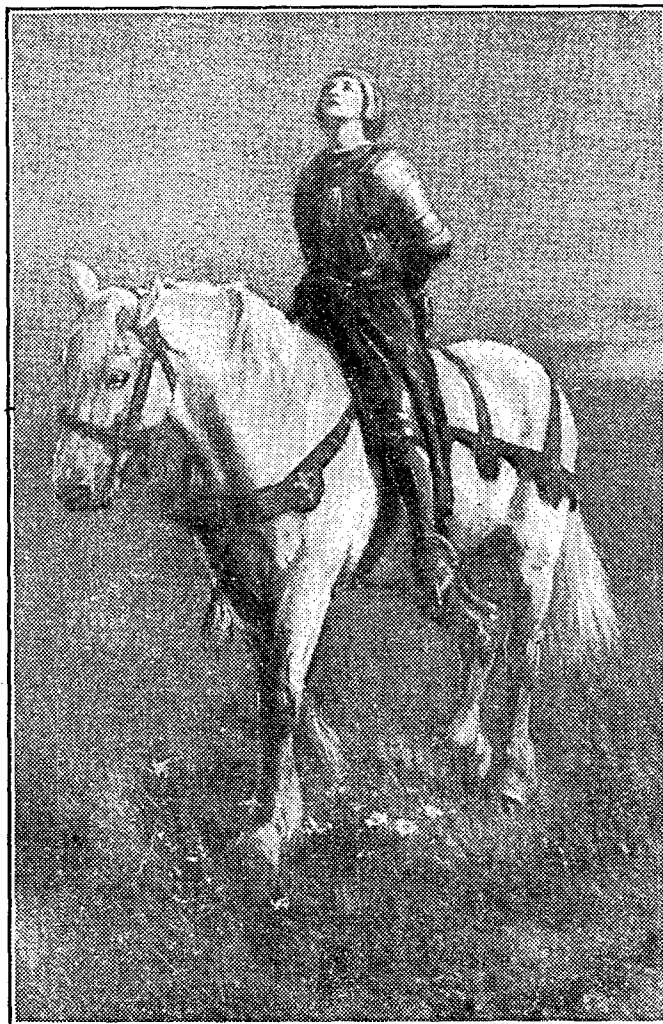
The church in Domremy, where Joan was born



A general view of the village of Domremy



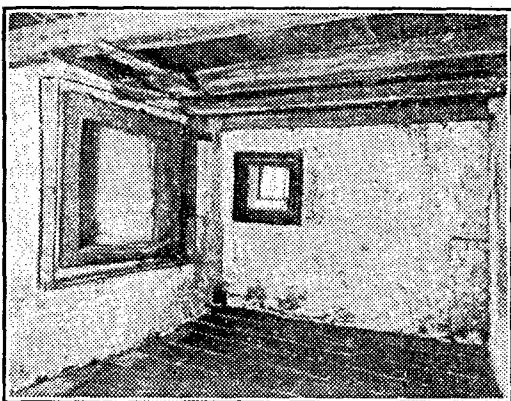
A statue in Domremy of Joan's mother



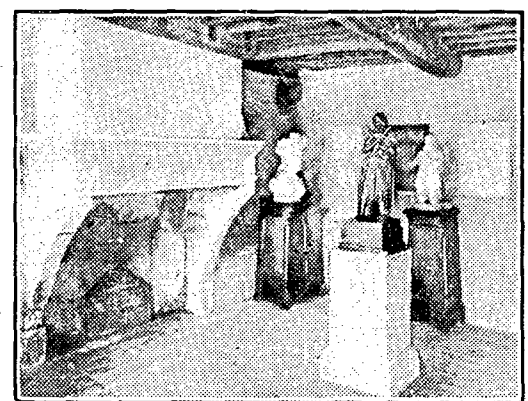
The last ride of the captive maid



A statue in Domremy of Joan's father



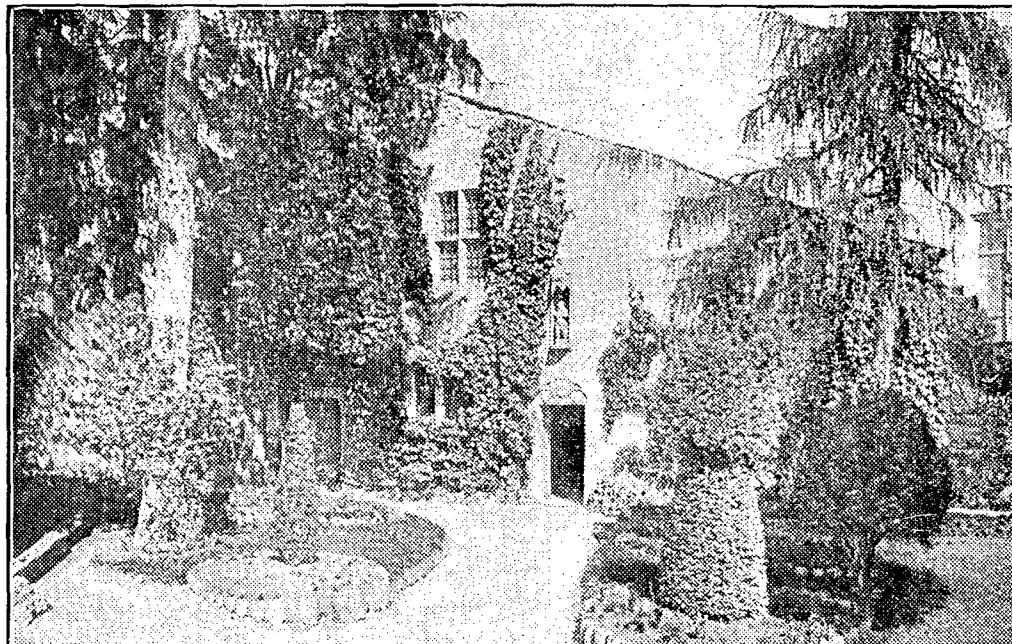
The room in which Joan was born



The room in which Joan lived



A statue at Versailles



The house in which Joan was born



The immortal maid at prayer

England as well as France has been honouring the memory of the Stainless Maid who, just five hundred years ago, led an army against the English who were besieging Orleans and relieved the city. The wonderful maid, who came into the story of France like a miracle, was born in the village of Domremy, in Lorraine, and we give some pictures of her birthplace.

HALF BURIED BY THE THAMES

The Beautiful Water Gate A CHANCE FOR THE L.C.C.

When the alterations to Charing Cross Bridge are eventually taken in hand (when a Government at last ceases playing with this great business and gets on with it) we hope something will be done to the beautiful York Water Gate.

It stands half-buried now at the foot of Buckingham Street, leading down from the Strand to the Embankment Gardens, so that it can scarcely be seen from the Strand, and is not readily seen by anyone entering the gardens from the Embankment.

A Fragment of London's Story

Yet this gate is one of the most interesting sights in London. As a piece of architecture it is precious; as a fragment of London's story it is doubly precious. It should make a beautiful ending to an interesting street. Why should we not enter the gardens through it?

Buckingham Street would make a splendid additional approach to the Embankment Gardens. It is one of the few narrow streets we have left which tell us of their great age by their narrowness. Once it was a shelving bridle path running down the green bank to the river. A few houses stood by the river amid the trees and fields. The Archbishop of York had built one of them, and when, about 1625, the Duke of Buckingham rebuilt it he still called it York House.

The Silent Highway

The river was then the great highway of London, much safer than the road, and all big houses had their water stairs and water gates, with private barges moored outside. When Buckingham had the York Water Gate built the Embankment had not been made, and the tide ran up through the gate, climbing the steps at the flood.

The old York Gate stands dryshod now at the back of the Embankment Gardens, telling a thrilling story of the river of time, as well as of London River which washed its stones. It is truly tragic that it should be buried as it is.

GOLDEN DEED OF TWO DOGS

Story of a Hospital Picture

Two dogs which did a kind act worthy of a Boy Scout 42 years ago have just been recalled to memory by the old Head Porter of King's College Hospital, who is retiring after half a century's work as the hospital's doorkeeper.

One morning in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee he heard a good deal of barking outside the main door of the old building in Portugal Street by Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He looked out and there were two terriers that he knew by sight and a collie he had never seen before. But the collie was limping on a damaged foot. The two terriers had brought him in as an outpatient.

The old porter (he was a young porter then) called a surgeon, who bandaged the collie's foot in the best professional manner. After the dog had rested for a few hours to recover it trotted off on its three good legs and the bandaged one to find its master, who was a drover and used to drive cattle across Lincoln's Inn Fields before they were fenced in.

Mr. Carrington Yates, the painter, heard about the incident. The three doggy patrons of the hospital were found to sit as models, and now their portraits in an oil painting of the good deed hang in the Medical Staff room.

THE SCOUT'S TOWER OF BABEL And His Way Out

In August, when the Prince of Wales goes into camp at Birkenhead with 50,000 Scouts of 40 different nations, he will find two very remarkable things.

First he will find that, although the Scouts will be competing in games and sports, one nation against the other, it will be all for the love of the game—no prizes, no medals, no cups, not even any marks. There will be just the game and the fun and the glory of winning.

Next he will find that the extraordinary language problem is being solved in a remarkable way. Every national group of Scouts, before its members arrive in England, will have had a course in Esperanto, not long or elaborate, but sufficient for simple purposes, and, in case this is not enough, they will all be thoroughly instructed in the Indian sign language.

The Indian sign language is not a mere collection of rough-and-ready gestures; it is a complete language, capable of expressing all the feelings and desires and needs of ordinary people. We may be sure it will not take our Scouts long to master it.

What fun for a boy from London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, or Glasgow to be able to go up to a Scout from Tibet, or Japan, or Finland, or Greece, or India, whose only language is his own native tongue, and talk to him as easily as if he understood English!

MONTREAL'S NEW BRIDGE

Two Ships Can Pass Under It

Two 20,000-ton liners can pass each other under Montreal's huge new harbour bridge which is being built so rapidly that it will be opened in May, 1930, a year earlier than was at first expected.

Traffic between Canada and the New England States of America is ever increasing, and this bridge, one of the largest in the Empire, will supply an urgent need.

Tramway tracks will be laid over the two-mile length of the bridge, which will have footpaths and enough space for four cars to move abreast.

A pavilion has been built into the framework of the bridge where it towers over St. Helen's Island halfway across the river. This will be accessible from the bridge and will contain restaurant, recreation rooms, and a garage.

The old English custom of tolls will be revived to help in paying off the cost of the bridge, which will be £4,300,000. In this country toll bridges are rapidly disappearing as a public nuisance, but the old custom is a good way of beginning great things in new lands.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA

Australia is advancing to the distinction of having some of the greatest engineering works in the world. The Hume Reservoir will stand shoulder to shoulder with Sydney Harbour Bridge.

The Hume Reservoir is on the Murray River, which will be dammed by a great sloping wall of stone and concrete 4200 feet in width. The Murray River is 1200 miles long, a shining example of length without much breadth. But when it is dammed, with the assistance of 17 weirs and locks, it will serve to irrigate thousands of orchards, farms, and vineyards.

The Sydney Harbour Bridge is progressing fast. When it is finished its last span will be the greatest in any continent. Already the huge pylons at its northern end dwarf the towers of the cathedral.

OLD FATHER NILE Giving Him More Work To Do

No river in the world is used so much for helping agriculture as the Nile.

Already on the main-stream or on its tributaries there are seven great dams or barrages, and an eighth is being made. This last is in Upper Egypt, at Nag Hammadi, about a three-hours journey by train beyond Luxor to the south.

The work will take three years. Last year it was begun. It is done when the river is low and can be controlled. The critical time is July, when the floods come down from the lofty mountains of Abyssinia.

The granite for the dam is all brought up the river from Assouan, 400 miles away. The machinery used is British made. The workers of all kinds number 56 British, 250 other Europeans, 270 Egyptian Government officials, and about 3000 Egyptians.

And so, by their efforts, old Father Nile will store and distribute quietly more of his waters along the narrow valley that he fertilises, and Egypt's population will soon be much larger than it ever can have been in her long history. It is already fourteen millions.

A GOLD POLICEMAN

One Way for Europe

What cares would be taken from the minds of travellers if all countries had the same coinage! The C.N. had the idea long ago, and the suggestion was made by Mr. M. D. Lyon in an election campaign the other day.

Mr. Lyon's idea is that Germany, France, and Italy should adopt the same money standard as a half-way house to settling the never-ending question of Reparations.

He compares the idea with that of setting up a gold policeman for Europe who would control the inflow and outflow of money, in the way a policeman in the Strand controls the traffic.

If there were a policeman who, with uplifted hand, could decide which way Europe's money should go it would be much more difficult to spend it on armaments. If, besides one currency, there were no customs tariffs, there would then be hardly one barrier left to peace.

SARAH JANE AND MARY ELLEN

Sarah Jane and Mary Ellen were highly satisfied with their lot in life.

They had a good home, plenty of food, soft bed-baskets, and a lovely fire, near which they could sleep and dream contentedly of saucers of milk that were never empty.

But as foragers for mice they were hopeless failures. Mice might run under their very noses and yet they took no heed. At last the good lady who provided these slackers with a home grew tired of jumping on a chair out of the way of a mouse while Sarah Jane and Mary Ellen blinked unheeding. So she procured another cat and called him William the Conqueror.

And well he deserved his name. The mice came, and he saw and conquered them. But presently William ceased to be successful. No more spoils were found in his bed-basket; but strange to say one was found each morning in the bed-basket of Mary Ellen. Had she caught the habit of usefulness from him while he had caught the habit of laziness from her?

The mystery was solved when the mistress of the house happened to get up a little earlier one morning and saw Mary Ellen removing a mouse from William's basket to her own.

Let us not blame her too much, for stealing the credit of achievement is not wholly unknown among us humans.

NEWS THAT REACHED THE LOST MEN This Wonderful Wireless Age

Among the many incidents that stirred us in the tale of the airmen of the Southern Cross who were lost and found again none was more curious than the words of the wireless that were always singing in their ears.

Famished and worn out, so exhausted that toward the end of their imprisonment by the side of the swamp where their plane had landed they could scarcely muster up the strength to totter up a little hill to light a signal fire, yet in their solitude they were still among the multitude of their fellowmen.

Helpless but Heartened

How strange to sit there helpless and listen to the messages telling that they had been lost and describing the efforts that were being made to find them. They first heard the news in their wireless set from Sydney. Then they got a direct broadcast message from Broome in Western Australia telling them to light a signal fire.

The outside world came nearer to them, because several times aeroplanes were heard which passed them by and failed to sight them, but nothing comforted them in all their distress and disappointment more than the certain knowledge that planes and search parties were setting out to find them. It was this knowledge which gave them heart to wait till the glorious day when Captain Holden, in his plane Canberra, found them and dropped food.

MICKEY, LIMITED

Nine Shareholders in a Lucky Dog

Naturally, Mickey is very proud of himself—would any animal not be in the circumstances? For Mickey is perhaps the only dog in the world to have been licensed as a limited company.

This is how it happened. Not very long ago Mickey, a mongrel, was found by a dog lover wandering hungry and desolate in a Manchester street.

His friend took him home and fed him, and, being unable to keep the dog himself, called on his friends to help. They thought out a splendid plan to give Mickey a happy home.

Nine men subscribed a shilling each and formed a limited company, called "Mickey, Limited," for the purpose of acquiring life interests in the welfare of the founding. A licence under that name was issued by the Post Office, and the shareholders took it in turns to feed, house, groom, and exercise him.

Mickey has obviously proved a satisfactory investment, for one of the men has taken him over as a going concern.

A MAKER OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL One Man's Help

One of the happiest features of modern life, though bigotry is not entirely extinct among those who claim to be followers of Christ, is the growing fraternity between members of the Church of England and the Nonconformists, and also between all the sections of Nonconformists.

A notable example of this may be seen among the benefactors whose generosity has made Liverpool Cathedral the greatest of modern English churches. Mr. John Rankin subscribed £2285 to the building fund; then £500 more to the War Memorial. Afterwards he paid £20,000 as the cost of the South Porch which bears his name; and since he died his trustees have added £10,000 from his estate to the Cathedral Fund.

It is nobly done, and Mr. Rankin was all his life an active member of the Presbyterian Church.

May 4, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

II

CANADA WANTING
MORE

CHANGING THE MAP
Great Wheat Provinces
Reaching Out Farther North
UP TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

Canada, vast as she is already, wishes to alter her map again and take in more territory.

As a country that is constantly expanding her cultivated area she is likely to have changes when lands beforetime unused become used.

First Manitoba was a small square province while Alberta and Saskatchewan extended farther northward as far as latitude 55. Then the two more westerly provinces moved northward to latitude 60. Next Manitoba's boundary was carried northward to latitude 60, and the southern part of the district bordering on Hudson Bay (called Keewatin) was divided between Manitoba and Ontario, while Quebec took in Labrador. This change left Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba each about the same size, or five times as great in extent as England, and all beyond latitude 60 was called North-West Territory.

The New Claims

Now Alberta wishes to claim all the land due north up to the Arctic Ocean, while Saskatchewan wishes to claim not only all the land northward of her own province but all the rest of the Dominion northward of Manitoba, thus reaching Hudson Bay and securing a seaboard. In this way she hopes to form a port on Chesterfield Inlet and ship her northern products direct to the world. Manitoba already has a port on Hudson Bay, at Fort Churchill, to which the railway is being or has been extended. Fort Churchill will also serve Alberta and Saskatchewan as well as Manitoba.

The Saskatchewan claim, if granted, would give her lands northward of Manitoba that are believed to have valuable mineral wealth. It is natural that Saskatchewan should desire a shipping outlet, though Chesterfield Inlet is much more remote than Churchill from the most fertile parts of Saskatchewan. Her claim, however, must seem very bold to Manitoba.

Of course these claims will be settled amicably. The extensions northward were bound to come, and no doubt British Columbia will absorb the western part of northern Canada. The probability is that the part north of Manitoba claimed by Saskatchewan will not be of any great value to either province, but the making of such a claim is almost certain to arouse keen opposition in Manitoba.

See World Map

BRITISH BELLS ARE
RINGING
Croydon Carillons on Continent
and Island

Let us be proud that when New Zealand wanted a carillon for her Peace Memorial at Wellington she chose English craftsmen.

Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand, said New Zealanders were delighted to learn that the Homeland held first place in the world's bell-founding industry.

The carillon is to hang in a tower on Mount Cook. There are 49 bells, the largest weighing five tons, and each is named after some historic engagement of the war. Some bear tributes to the courage of New Zealand soldiers or quotations from Kipling, and all bear the names of the individuals or groups who subscribed for them.

Now that they are finished the Croydon bellfounders must set to work on a carillon of 64 bells for Chicago University. That is the biggest order for bells ever given at one time.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Middlesbrough police found 615 lost children for their parents last year.

Seven ships for Canada have been completed in one week at Wallsend-on-Tyne.

The Yorkshire town of Beverley, the ancient capital of the East Riding, has been keeping its 800th birthday.

During the recent drought the village of Huggate, on the Yorkshire Wolds, obtained its water by train from Hull.

Chichester Cross

Over a ton of rusted iron has been removed from the City Cross at Chichester, which has just been restored.

A Wonderful Holiday Book

The L.M.S. has issued a wonderful sixpenny holiday book, packed with interesting matter and pictures of places on its line.

The Faithful Friend

An Airedale terrier at Pontypool sat for two days by the broken machine on which its master had been killed in a collision.

The Vanboy Artist

A vanboy at Paddington Station has so delighted the Royal College of Art by a painting sent in for exhibition that he is to be given a course of study at the college.

A Flag for a Dying Man

The Japanese statesman Count Goto, leader of Japan's Boy Scouts, who has died at 73 to the great regret of all parties, received on the eve of his death a flag from the Scouts of Western Australia.

The Charing Cross Tunnel

The tunnel under Charing Cross Station connects Villiers Street and Craven Street; not, as stated in the C.N. last week, Villiers Street and Buckingham Street.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Meaning of Cwm?

Cwm is a Celtic root meaning a cup-shaped depression in the hills.

Who Wrote the Beggar's Opera?

John Gay in 1728, and it was first performed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

What is a Huse?

It is the name given to a large sturgeon of South-Eastern Europe, sometimes spelled Huso.

What is the Density of Sea-Water?

Taking pure water at 39.6 degrees Fah. as 1 the density of surface sea-water at 60 degrees is 1.024 to 1.03 and five miles down 1.06.

Is the Sphinx Sacred?

The Great Sphinx at Gizeh, Egypt, represents the God Harmakhis, or the Rising Sun, and was sacred to the ancient Egyptians.

Was Francis Bacon Ever Called Sir Francis Bacon?

Yes; he was knighted by James the First in 1603 and in 1618 was raised to the peerage as Baron Verulam. In 1621 he became Viscount St. Albans.

How Does a Reflecting Telescope Act?

There are various forms of the reflecting telescope such as the Gregorian and Newtonian, but in all cases the star or other object to be viewed is seen, not directly by the eye of the observer, but after reflection by a mirror which first catches its image.

Does Mimosa Grow in England?

The mimosa, or sensitive plant, does not grow wild in England, but it is a cultivated plant. It is generally raised as an annual from seed sown in a hot-house or frame in spring. The best soil for it is loam with a third of peat and some sand. The so-called mimosa blossom of the spring flower-sellers is not really mimosa, but Acacia dealbata.

NEXT WEEK'S
ECLIPSE

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE WORLD

Expedition to Find Out if
Light Can Be Bent

WHERE TO SEE MERCURY

By the O.N. Astronomer

One morning next week, on May 9, the Moon will pass exactly between the Earth and the Sun, which she will eclipse, blotting him out entirely for as long as five minutes, as seen from places on the central line of the Moon's shadow.

Unfortunately for us the eclipse will occur on the other side of the Earth, the line of totality where the point of the Moon's shadow first strikes the Earth being in the Indian Ocean, east of Madagascar. Thence it passes to northern Sumatra, across the Malay States, skirting the south of Indo-China to the Philippines, the shadow leaving the Earth in the Eastern Pacific north of Papua, as shown on the World Map.

Four Great Astronomers

But over a much larger area, from South Africa to China and including most of Australia, the event may be seen as a partial eclipse.

Now, though we in this country will not be able to observe the eclipse it is of very great interest and importance, so much so that a special expedition has been sent from Greenwich Observatory to the Malay States accompanied by four eminent English astronomers: Dr. J. Jackson, one of the chief assistants at the Observatory, whose research led recently to the discovery of the situation of the Poles of the planet Neptune; Mr. P. J. Melotte, who in 1908 discovered Jupiter's Eighth satellite; and Colonel F. J. M. Stratton and Dr. Carrol, astronomers of Cambridge University Observatory and experts in solar research.

Telescopes and Cameras

Over a hundred packing-cases were required to convey the immense mass of equipment, including the great 13-inch astrographic telescope and several smaller ones. A large quantity of photographic material and some great telescopic cameras have also been taken to secure as many photographs as possible of the region of the sky where the Sun will be eclipsed.

Some of these will have been taken long before the eclipse occurs and others at the time; this is the chief object of this 7500-miles expedition which a tiny cloud may render futile.

But the importance of the object makes it worth all this effort, for confirmation of Einstein's Theory of Relativity is at stake, and whether light is really subject to gravitational pull, as appeared to be the case from the evidence of the total eclipse of 1919.

Comparing Photographs

This will be attained by comparing photographs taken of the star-strewn sky surrounding the eclipsed Sun with photographs taken of identically the same region some time before, when the Sun was not there.

Now, if the gravitational pull of the Sun bends the light rays from the stars as they pass near him, the stars will appear slightly shifted out of place on the photographs taken at the time of total eclipse. Thus the ponderability of light and its so-called bending will have become an established fact.

The planet Mercury is now to be seen in the north-west sky in the evening, and on Friday next will appear very close to the crescent of the Moon, to the left of Mercury. Field-glasses or binoculars will help greatly in spotting the little sparkling planet. The Moon sets at 10.45, and Mercury about the same time, but they should be looked for one and two hours beforehand. G. F. M.

Full of Life
and
Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and
Northern Ireland,

1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



Let's pretend we're detectives

That's a fine game for keen young eyes. But are your eyes quick enough to defend your health? Hiding in everything that's dirty there are millions of dangerous thieves—stealthy invisible germs waiting to steal away your health.

So when you come in from play never wait to be told to wash. Lifebuoy is always handy—Mother sees to that. And while the Lifebuoy lather cleans away the grime, the Lifebuoy health element is arresting the harmful germs that trespass on your skin. Besides, you feel fine when you wash with Lifebuoy.

Lifebuoy Soap

- for health

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WHY?

Well, every day in life there are things to make or to mend. The things to mend may be toys, tools, instruments or important pieces of furniture. What is needed is an adhesive of enormous strength, which is always ready at a moment's notice—requiring no heating or other preparation

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The Little Book in the School Bag

WHY THE SWISS REMEMBER PESTALOZZI

How He Led His People Step by Step Toward the Promised Land

THE MAN IN THE GUIDE BOOK WITH THE GLACIER

By La Petite Européenne

If we open the school bag of any child of any Swiss village we shall find a little book which is not a school book.

On the front page is the portrait of a man, on every other page is a complete story. You cannot help stopping before the picture of this man; you cannot tear yourself away from the stories which mark each day of the calendar. The book is the Almanac of Pestalozzi; it is the reward of all schoolchildren in Switzerland.

When Switzerland erected a memorial to Johann Pestalozzi she engraved on it in the name of the people the words *To our Father*. A century has passed since then, and the great man is still the beloved father of the Swiss children.

Unhappy Schools

The fact is that Pestalozzi was one of those rare beings who receive from life endless riches, which they deal with as great lords. From his childhood Pestalozzi took things seriously; from the very first he tried to do his best; but schools were then unhappy places for the little ones. Pupils went to school against their will. They were crowded in dark rooms where the master always scolded them; they had to recite by heart empty texts and meaningless phrases. Little Pestalozzi did mean to be studious, and his motto was "Mother said it and God sees me," but he understood little of what was being taught.

"When I am a man I will change all this," he would say to himself. But events turned out differently. When he was a man Pestalozzi started agriculture, he turned to politics, he wrote books, he edited a paper, he married.

All this, however, did not entirely fill his life and at last he came to a great decision: he would give himself up to childhood. Being poor, Pestalozzi decided to start a school for the poor, a school where all the pupils would earn their living and attend classes at the same time, and he issued an appeal to the public, calling it *A Prayer to the Friends of Humanity*. He did not ask for much money; he wanted £60.

The New System

Goethe was the first to answer; then more money came in than had been asked for. There were 36 children already waiting, and Pestalozzi invited them. Yet invited is hardly the word, for there was no servant in the house. Pestalozzi helped; he helped in the cooking, in the cleaning; but there was so much to do—the garden, the cattle, the journeys to sell the produce of the school, the correspondence with the benefactors.

Pestalozzi thought of taking up again the idea of his childhood, to revolutionise the whole system of education, for such were still the habits in the schools of Switzerland that pupils had to recite altogether by heart the catechism, prayers, songs, and so on, as quickly as possible; and by the rapidity of the reciting a good class was known. If parents wished it writing was taught, but never to girls. An old report says that "those who desire it may learn arithmetic in the winter term." Masters were paid in wood, wheat, or wine, these masters being recruited from the most unexpected ranks, such as masons, innkeepers, gravediggers, and weavers, and usually kept on their own work in addition to teaching.

"To educate is not to fight life," said Pestalozzi to himself; "it is to light the least spark of the divine which lies in each of us." He set out to de-

velop self-reliance, to get in touch with Nature, to make friends with his pupils. He began to teach reading by putting a basket of letters on the table and arranging some together as he liked. The children sat round and joined in, making their own rows, asking one another for words, lending and borrowing.

"We sang everywhere," wrote a pupil, "in the playground, after meals, during the walks, and in the evenings; and this communal singing did much to maintain a spirit of kindness and harmony among us. Sometimes after the bath, instead of resuming work we would start off to look for plants and minerals. Pestalozzi had a fancy for bringing back stones in his handkerchief; had we followed his example there would have been no whole handkerchief left in the school!"

Physical geography was taught on the ground itself. They walked to a chosen place, generally a lovely valley with a river running down, and studied the spot as a whole and in detail. Then they put clay into big baskets provided for the purpose, and, when home again, each boy made with his own portion of clay a relief map of the valley.

World-Wide Fame

The results of Pestalozzi's system were wonderful, and his fame soon spread far and wide. All countries sent representatives to study it on the spot. There were sometimes three hundred people arriving at the same time in the little village of Yverdon. And how amusing it is to find that in the Baedeker of the time Pestalozzi is mentioned among the curiosities of Switzerland in the same line as a glacier!

So Yverdon became the object of a sort of international pilgrimage. But Pestalozzi was always diffident about it. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "We thought we were sowing wheat to nourish the poor of our neighbourhood and we have planted a tree the branches of which spread to the infinite. It is not my work; it is the work of God. My own part in it was only to search with all my love what I did not know, and to hope with all my faith what I could not see."

He could not see, but he was guiding his people step by step toward the Promised Land of Mind.

A LITTLE COUNTRY GROWING KINDER

Belgium's Example to Us

Little Belgium, which not long ago had one of the cruellest kings in the world and has now one of the kindest, is trying to make hard-hearted people less cruel by Act of Parliament.

It will at any rate make them less ignorant (and cruelty is often ignorance) because the law will fine and imprison them for cruel acts.

Anyone who uses an animal, a horse or a dog or an ox, for work that it cannot do or ought not to do will be fined and may be imprisoned; and so will people who set animals to fight one another.

And there are still people who are so callous and brutal that they keep in cages birds that have been blinded so that they may sing.

There are people like that even in England. Such people will be fewer in Belgium now, for they will be imprisoned, and though their imprisonment will be shorter than that of the bird in the cage they will have time to learn that such acts are hateful to decent people.

May 4, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE SECRET OF THE AGES

Told by John Halden

CHAPTER 11

Igak Changes His Mind

THERE was now no time to gloat over their wonderful find. With a last glance at the great hairy monster that seemed leaping out of the ice cliff above them the twins turned back to the natives. It was evident that they must act, and act quickly, if they were not to be abandoned.

Imuk had risen and was fumbling at the harness of the leader of the dogs, keeping his back carefully to the mammoth and muttering what appeared to be incantations against its magic power. Yak joined him, and with a crack of the whip the dogs and heavily-packed sled were off.

With a shout, Jerry caught at the sled as it lunged past him. His fingers closed about something long and hard carefully enclosed in oilskin. It was the Samoyede's gun.

Josephine also had caught at the moving sled, and was straining backward in an ineffectual effort to hold back their precious provisions. If the natives made off with them, she knew she and her brother would not only be obliged to give up all hope of securing the mammoth, but would very likely perish out there in the wild tundra.

"Stand back, Jo!" shouted Jerry, seeing his sister dragged along by the jolting sled. "I'm going to shoot!"

The effect of Jerry's shot into the air was immediate. Imuk and Yak believed themselves to be in worse danger from the white boy than from the mammoth, and threw themselves, moaning, on the ground.

"Too bad to frighten them," remarked Jerry calmly, as he put down the gun. "But the situation is desperate."

The dogs had stopped at the shot, and now stood panting and yapping excitedly.

"Bring them back, will you, Jo?" said Jerry. "I don't think Yak and Imuk will give us any more trouble for the moment. We'll pitch camp out of sight of the brute."

Igak, all this time, had been behaving strangely. When Yak and Imuk bolted he had got up from the ground and stood irresolutely watching the course of events. Now, as he saw them mastered by Jerry, he glanced at the mammoth across the stream, shrugged his shoulders, and began without a word to unharness the dogs.

"I don't think Igak is as frightened of the mammoth as he pretends," murmured Josephine, who had been watching him.

"Oh, Igak is on the side of the big provisions, as usual," returned her brother. "He'd have caught them up easily enough if they had succeeded in making a bolt."

Jo nodded and continued unpacking the newly recovered sled. But the twins had only partly read Igak's motives. He alone, of all their enemies, had not yet given up hope of tracing Professor Carson.

"You not stay here long, eh?" he said ingratiatingly to Jo, as he worked over the dogs. "You go on soon find you fadda, eh?"

"That's what you'd like us to do, isn't it," returned Jo.

"Sure. I climb up cliff. Chop off teeth. I not afraid," said Igak eagerly. "Then we go on, eh? You fine trackers. No map; find him anyway."

"Look here, Igak. If you try chopping off those tusks there will be trouble!" interposed Jerry. "We are going to dig that mammoth out whole."

Igak threw himself backward into a posture of astonishment that was not wholly feigned.

"What for dig him out? No good. Only teeth good," he cried. "Fine big teeth. Get much money for them. No time dig him out."

"We're the best judges of that," said Jerry decidedly. "Take the tackle just round the angle in the stream, Igak. We shall be staying here for some time."

Igak looked sullen and rebellious at this, but a glance at the gun that leaned against the sled near Jerry's hand seemed to decide him for the moment at least, and he did as he was told.

"All the provisions they stole are here," exclaimed Jo triumphantly. "Also all these ropes and tackle—what were they for, I wonder?—and a few odds and ends."

"We're lucky to find our provisions again," remarked Jerry thankfully. "It means we can stay here a month, if we like. Set Yak and Imuk to pitch camp down there where they can't see the mammoth," he added, shouting to Igak. "Then come back here and feed the dogs."

"It's the dog food I'm worried about," he explained to his sister. "Here we have eight extra dogs to attend to."

Josephine was silent for a moment, then: "The mammoth!" she cried triumphantly. "We'll skin the mammoth and give them the meat!"

"By Jove, you've hit it!" returned her brother enthusiastically. "Our worst problem is solved. We'll feed them on two-hundred-thousand-year-old meat. Seems a trifle rough on them."

Jerry looked across at the monster above the stream, his great shaggy head shaking threateningly, as the tearing waters pulled at his trunk.

"Jove, he looks a wicked brute!" he murmured admiringly.

A cry from his sister made him whirl round hastily.

"Jerry! The map!" she shouted gleefully, holding up a heavy fur coat that had been tossed on the top of the sled. "This coat must have been the Samoyede's. I've been going through the pockets and in an inside one, carefully folded up, was this."

She threw the paper across to her brother.

"Good girl! We're in luck!" cried Jerry, as soon as he had glanced at it. "The Samoyede's crowd were making for Yakutsk as hard as they could, but still we couldn't be perfectly sure they wouldn't find a new stock of provisions somewhere and start back for Father. Now we can be easy in our minds."

"This tackle, by the way, ought to come in handy while we try to get the mammoth," said Jo thoughtfully; "but I can't make out what they wanted with it. Here are picks, spades, chains, and ropes."

"I've got it," cried Jerry, after a moment's thought. "The Samoyede's crowd were intending to do a bit of ivory collecting. You know the huge mammoth tusks lie about—some on the surface of the ground, and some more or less buried. They needed this tackle to dig them out and lift them. They're heavy, you know."

"Well, it's a windfall for us," said Jo. "We'd have been helpless without them. I think now we might take a little rest. One at a time, remember, the other sitting wakeful by the gun in full view of the sleeping natives."

"Yes," agreed Jo, but looking longingly at the shaggy beast across the stream. "It seems a shame to waste any time sleeping, though. How do you think we had better go about digging him out, Jerry? Shall we dig down to him from the top of the cliff, or sling a sort of cradle over the edge of the cliff and get at him from the front?"

Jerry considered, standing feet wide apart, hands in pockets, looking at the ugly beast that shook its black trunk about in the raging water, and glared at him from its little half-open eyes across the stream.

"Jove, you'd certainly think he was alive!" he exclaimed again. "Why don't you sketch him, Jo, during your watch? If we could only get him to look like that when he's a stuffed specimen in the museum at home!"

Josephine laughed.

"But as we were saying, we've yet to get him out of the cliff," she remarked. "I vote for a cradle over the side."

Her brother shook his head.

"Risky!" he demurred. "Look at that yellow water. Anyone falling in it would be pounded to pieces."

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Jo. "That water is an enormous help to us, just the same. Look at it tearing away at the face of the cliff. If we could only wait for it, it would have the mammoth out without our having to dig at all."

"Can't expect the stream to stay at that height more than a day or two," said Jerry, "unless we have more rain."

CHAPTER 12

Igak is Helpful

THE twins had walked round the bend in the river and saw their camp had been well prepared. The changeable Igak was now running busily about, apparently cheerful. But the other two natives cringed away from the brother and sister and went sullenly about their work.

"I say, this won't do at all," murmured Jerry, as he observed them.

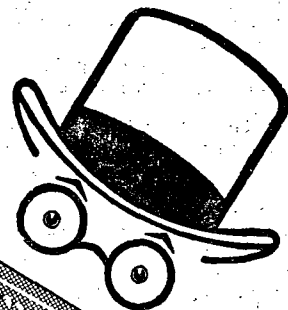
"Have a talk with them, Jerry," suggested Jo, as she crawled into the low tent, too tired to wait for supper.

Jerry's first move was to order double rations for everybody, and he gave the natives extra sugar for their tea. Then while his sister slept he talked things over with them.

Continued on the next page

ROWNTREE'S ALMOND BAR

"It's new, it's delicious.
Get some at the sweet-
shop on the way home."



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At all Newsagents and Bookstalls everywhere or 7d. post free (home or abroad) from "Best Way," 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

"You mustn't be frightened either of the mammoth or me," he said. "I only shot into the air tonight. No harm will come to you so long as you don't go bolting off on your own."

Igak broke in effusively. "They not run away now. I make them stay. I good man," he boasted. "They know me."

"Well, I'm watching you, too, Igak," returned Jerry, "so don't attempt anything underhanded." He turned back to the other natives. "As for the mammoth," he said, "it's the last thing in the world that could hurt you. It was dead thousands of years before you were born."

Yak leaned closer to Jerry, looking fearfully over his shoulder from time to time as he spoke.

"You white boy," he said, "not know. These underground rat they dig under the ground like moles. Fast! Fast! Make big earthquakes when they go. If they see Sun they die. But this one not die. He shake his teeth at Sun. Very bad. He climbing out of cliff. Pretty soon run after us. We die."

"That's absolute nonsense, you know," exclaimed Jerry. "If you would only take a good look at him instead of covering your eyes you would see that it is the water dragging at his trunk that makes his head shake that way. He's as dead as Christopher Columbus."

Jerry realised that his comparison did not mean much to Yak and Imuk, but he felt helpless before their stubborn superstition.

"Never mind," said Igak officiously. "I make them do all you say. I good man." Jerry looked at him for a few moments before replying, then he said:

"All right. If you are a good man prove it. Find a way across this stream. I want to get at that mammoth."

At once Igak leaped to his feet, a thawed and not too fresh-looking fish in one hand.

"I go find way across!" he said, with every appearance of eagerness to be of service.

"Oh, finish your supper first, Igak."

"No, no, I go now. I find way."

Off went Igak, and Jerry looked after him ironically, wondering what plan he had up his sleeve this time. But in a surprisingly short time Igak came back triumphantly.

"I find way. Easy," he announced.

Jerry rose incredulously to his feet.

"Where is the place?"

Continued in the last column

JACKO MAKES THE PARTY GO

FATHER JACKO was proud of his garden and said he didn't care who knew it.

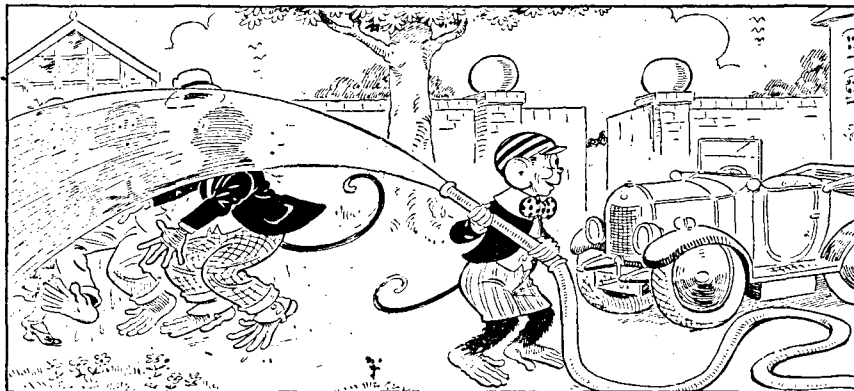
"It's a nice hobby," his wife used to say, "but it wastes a lot of time!"

However, as the spring flowers came peeping through the ground even she had to admit that a garden was worth a little attention.

"The daffodils are doing well," she said one morning, as she shook the breakfast-table crumbs on to the lawn. "And there's a tidy lot of violets in the border."

"This place will be a sight directly," said Father Jacko. "I think we might invite a few friends to tea, my dear," he added. "They'd like to see the flowers."

Mother Jacko found any excuse for a tea-party good enough, so her husband had his way. A few days later the invitations were sent out and preparations began.



"Jacko! The hose!" shrieked his mother. "You're drowning us!"

The weather was most accommodating, but at the last minute Big Sister Belinda, who was married and lived down the road, sent her mother into a flutter by saying she was bringing some rich friends along with her. "They're nice people," she said. "You'll like them."

Mother Jacko was not so sure, but she wanted to please Belinda, so she borrowed some more cups and saucers and determined to make the party a success.

The strangers arrived in a grand car, and Mother Jacko hurried out to meet them.

"Mercy, Jacko!" she cried as she passed him. "What are you doing with that dirty old hose? Put it away and go and wash your hands!"

But the hose was out of order and Jacko was being firm with it. Setting his jaw, he gave it a terrific wrench—and out shot the water!

"Done it!" he cried. As he looked up his eye fell on the shining car. He swung round to get a better view of it. There was a shout. "Jacko! The hose!" shrieked his mother. "You're drowning us!" He had done it!

The visitors spent the afternoon before the kitchen fire, trying to get dry, and Father Jacko had the garden all to himself.

"Just below underground rat," returned Igak. "I cut down tree."

He snatched up an axe as he spoke. Jerry reached for his gun. Was there treachery here? He glanced into the tent where his sister lay sleeping. Surely she would be safe if he left her just to look at Igak's discovery.

Igak stood, the picture of respectful eagerness, holding the axe over his shoulder. Jerry made up his mind.

"Come along, you two," he said to Yak and Imuk, who were looking uncomprehendingly from one to the other. "We'll all go downstream and see this place."

The boy shouldered his gun as he spoke and the four of them, Igak leading the way, went round the bend of the stream.

The river made a hairpin loop round the face of the cliff in which the mammoth was embedded. As they passed the monster Jerry forced the shuddering natives to look full at it, so that they might see for themselves the reason for his strange lifelikeness. Igak, Jerry noticed, made no further pretence of fear, but strode on cheerfully.

A roaring sound came from the other side of the cliff. Jerry rightly had guessed it to be a waterfall. Here the water, gathering for the fall, flowed swiftly between two enormous boulders, not more than fifteen feet apart.

Igak looked round proudly.

"I tell you I find out how to cross," he boasted. "Fine place. I good man. Now I cut down tree to lie across; then you walk over easy."

"Good for you, Igak," cried Jerry. "There are some pretty decent trees over there."

Igak, followed by Yak and Imuk, hurried in the direction indicated, and Jerry stood debating the best way to begin excavations once they had got across to their prize. His cogitations were interrupted within a short time by the appearance of Igak and the others carrying a pine log which they placed carefully from one boulder to the other.

As soon as it was in place Jerry sprang eagerly upon it. He felt he could not get over too soon. With the men holding the log in place he was quickly over the middle of the roaring water. Then he heard behind him what sounded like a muttered order. The log shifted, and Jerry found himself whirling in the air, the waterfall below him.

TO BE CONTINUED



YOU must be a Pine Marten

If you are a lover of Nature—if you are thrilled by the life and adventures of wild creatures—if you can either swim, climb a tree, name twelve different kinds of wild birds, six different trees or six wild flowers, you can become a Pine Marten.

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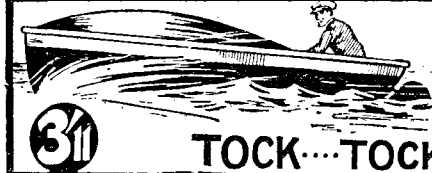
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 4, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

Three Ages

A MAN being asked his age replied: "My father's age is exactly three-quarters that of my grandfather, and my age is four-sevenths of that of my father, and the sum of our ages together a year ago was nine score years." What are the ages of each?

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE greenfinch, tree creeper, and swallow build their nests. The pheasant, greenfinch, partridge, and reed bunting lay their eggs. The long-tailed tit hatches out its eggs. The sand-martin is seen. The turtledove is first heard. The long eared and noctule bats are on the wing. The orange-tip butterfly, emperor, pale tussock, and buff-tip moths, burying beetle, flesh fly, and hairy long legs are seen. Whitethorn, woodruff, mountain-ash, red clover, fumitory, oak, walnut, celandine, water violet, charlock, and laburnum are in flower.

Ici On Parle Français



Le dé La tortue Le diadème

Le dé sert à pousser l'aiguille.
La tortue avance très lentement.
Cette dame porte un beau diadème.

Is Your Name Gay?

THIS name, like some others such as Jolly, Blythe, and Merriman, was originally a description of the jovial nature of an ancestor of the Gays of today. The adjective became attached to him and his family and eventually survived as a surname.

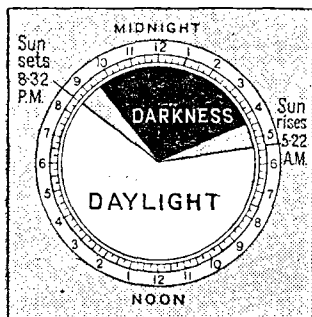
A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

A conspiracy. To have existence. Above. A bird resembling a gull.

Answer next week

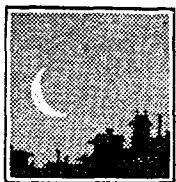
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mercury is in the North-West. Mars is in the West, and Neptune is in the South-West. In the morning Saturn is in the South and Venus is in the East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on May 6.



A Charade

MY first's a useful instrument
To lawyers when on business bent;
My second's lord of all Creation,
Sea and land in every nation;
My third, my second made with art,
To trade with many a foreign part.
My whole you'll see that, when combined,
A useful art to all you'll find.

Answer next week

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Belfry. A belfry originally had nothing to do with bells; it is only in later times that belfries have become bell-towers. The word was originally spelled *bercfrut*, which meant watch-tower, and the first belfries were those large wooden towers on wheels which were so much used in the sieges of old days. When permanent watch-towers were built they were called *berreys*, and as bells were sometimes put in these, the *r* was altered to *l*, and the spelling of the word made to fit the new meaning.

Jumbled Flowers

EACH of the following groups of letters can be rearranged to spell the name of a well-known flower. What are they?

AACINNORT.
ACEHHMNRSTUYM.
EORS.
EILOTV.
AEFLLWOWR.
EFGLOOVX.
AACIKLR.
ADGILMOR.

Answer next week

The Wettest Day

THE wettest day ever recorded was June 14, 1876, at Cherrapunji in Assam. Over 40 inches of rain fell in 24 hours.

What Shakespeare Meant

IN Henry IV we read of "Such as fear the report of a caliver." A caliver was a kind of musket, resembling a blunderbuss in appearance. "He wears wooden nether-stocks" occurs in King Lear. Nether-stocks was an old name for stockings.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Dividing the Money

Tom £10, Jack £20, Harry £15, Dick £25.

A Beheaded Word. Prelate.

Hidden Flowers

Geranium Aubretia
Fuchsia Sunflower
Daffodil Violet
Hollyhock Snowdrop

What Am I? Newspaper.

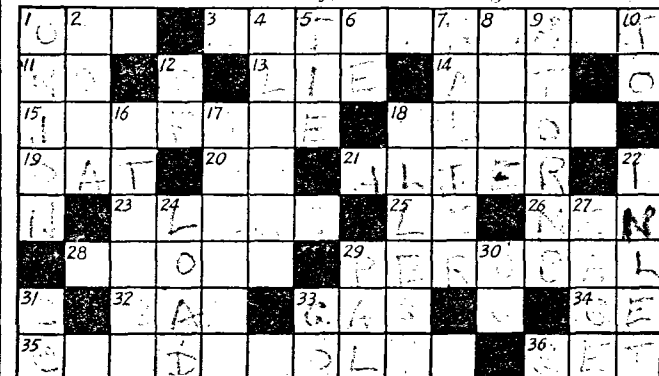
A Charade. Castanets.

Who Was He?

The Man Who Dug Up Nineveh was Sir Henry Layard.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 40 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues below.



Reading Across. 1. A viscous fluid. 3. A kind of armour. 11 Negative. 13. To repose. 14. To trouble. 15. To repeat. 18. To pacify. 19. A cereal. 20. Erbium*. 21. Change. 23. Hourly. 25. French for the. 26. Male adults. 28. Last. 29. The act of reading. 32. To sever. 33. To silence by violence. 34. Compass point*. 35. Cooking pots. 36. Placed in position.

Reading Down. 1. Root vegetable. 2. A title or jot. 4. Pertaining to the stars. 5. To bind. 6. Preposition. 7. Horse's headstall. 8. To irritate. 9. Tumults. 10. In the direction of. 12. Heraldic term for gold. 16. The science of duty. 17. To combine with air. 18. To declare. 22. Place of ingress. 24. A burden. 27. Comfort. 29. A friend. 30. You and me. 31. Cricket club*. 33. To proceed.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Breaking Up the Party

BILLY approached his elder sister while a party was in progress at their home. "Won't you sing a song, Joan?" he asked innocently. "Why, Billy?" queried Joan. "It's time the guests went home." "I know that," replied Billy, as he moved rapidly toward the door.

Weak

TALK at the boarding-house table was usually very dull. This morning the proprietress set the conversation going. "Everybody seems to have some weakness," she said. "Mine is coffee." "Yes," gasped Mr. Smith as he struggled with his first cup. "It's terrible!" And the conversation ended.

Inside Out



WHEN Snorum's gamp turned inside out He raised a wail of woe. "A nasty accident," said Snip, And Snap replied "That's so, And also I should feel inclined To call it a bad blow!"

A Deep Story

THE old sailor was telling some thrilling tales of his adventures, some of which the company believed. "Yes," he went on, "and do you know that ten of the ships I've sailed on went to the bottom?" "And you were saved every time?" queried one listener. "Yes," said the old salt. "Well, you see they happened to be submarines."

Something in a Name

A CHEETAH played games with a Gnu, And the times when he won were not few. Said the Gnu with a sneer, "I'm beginning to fear That your name, Mister Cheater, fits you."

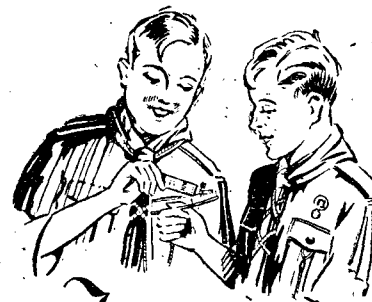
Susie's Shoes

MOTHER'S voice was heard calling from downstairs. "Have you got your shoes on, Susie?" "Yes, Mother," was the reply. "All except one."

TWO IN A CAGE

But as time went on little Mousie began to feel the languor of old age. The sprightly friskings ceased; no more she sought her mouse-comrades. She was content now never to leave the cage but to stay by her master's side, being tended and caressed by him. At last she died in the little nest which he had made for her in his beard to keep her safe and warm.

The gaoler's heart was touched. He buried the prisoner's little faithful friend beneath the cage. It was not long before the man's captivity was lightened.



Jo-days
good deed

Children quickly learn the daily discipline of the tooth brush. It will be doubly attractive to them if you give them smooth, fragrant Kolynos to use.

It will be safer too. Kolynos contains no particle of grit to scratch the delicate enamel which protects their teeth from decay. Last, and by no means least, being highly concentrated Kolynos goes twice as far.

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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

A LITTLE mouse came nibbling round a cage whose bars were so widely set apart that a regiment of rats could have slipped through them with ease.

They kept their captive safely though, a tall, soldierly man getting on in years, dressed in the Swedish clothes worn at that date, 1716, a loose blue coat with turn-down collar, and large brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a three-cornered beaver hat.

Temptingly the prisoner spread a few crumbs for the mouse near the bars of his cage. Dead-eyes sparkled; the little creature minced

forward, snatched up a crumb and vanished, leaving the human being to the cage.

That airy dungeon was set in Copenhagen; it was a strange place for a Lancashire man. He had been a soldier of fortune before, in the service of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.

He stirred up a trouble of state in Scandinavia. Some people said that he had tried to kidnap a prince; others said, more truly, that he had tried to raise an insurrection in Denmark to leave Charles free to fight Norway, invade England, and establish the Pretender on the throne.

His English officer had boasted that no foreign prison would ever hold him.

Slowly the years went by. Because of the cold he let his beard grow to a great length and silvery whiteness. Pen and paper were allowed him to while away the time, and he wrote many books and essays, one about the little mouse which he tamed at last and became a great companion.

At first she only appeared for meals; then, growing bolder, came at his call and attended him constantly. Many a game the two played together in their cage.